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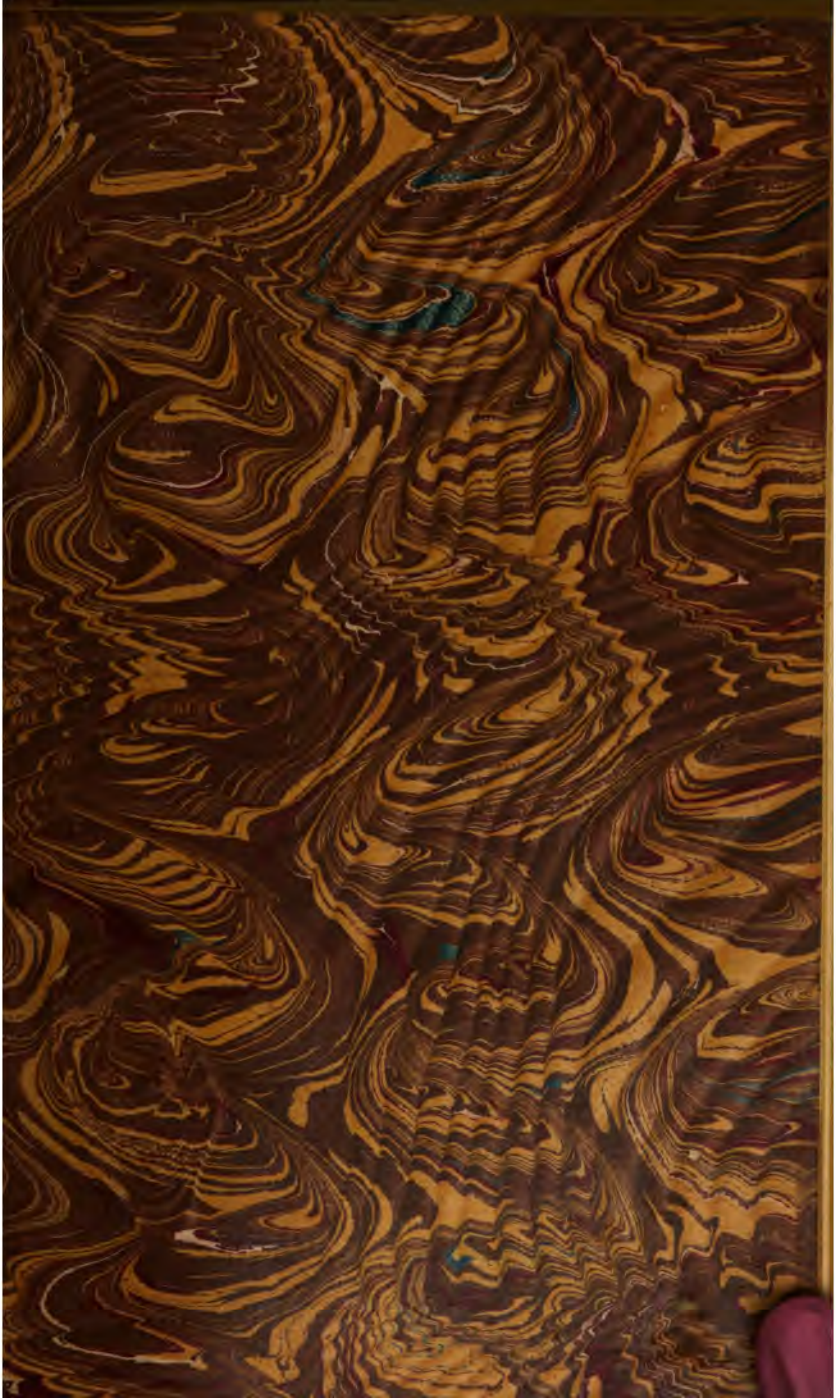

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TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

TWO SUMMERS

IN NORWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE ANGLER IN IRELAND."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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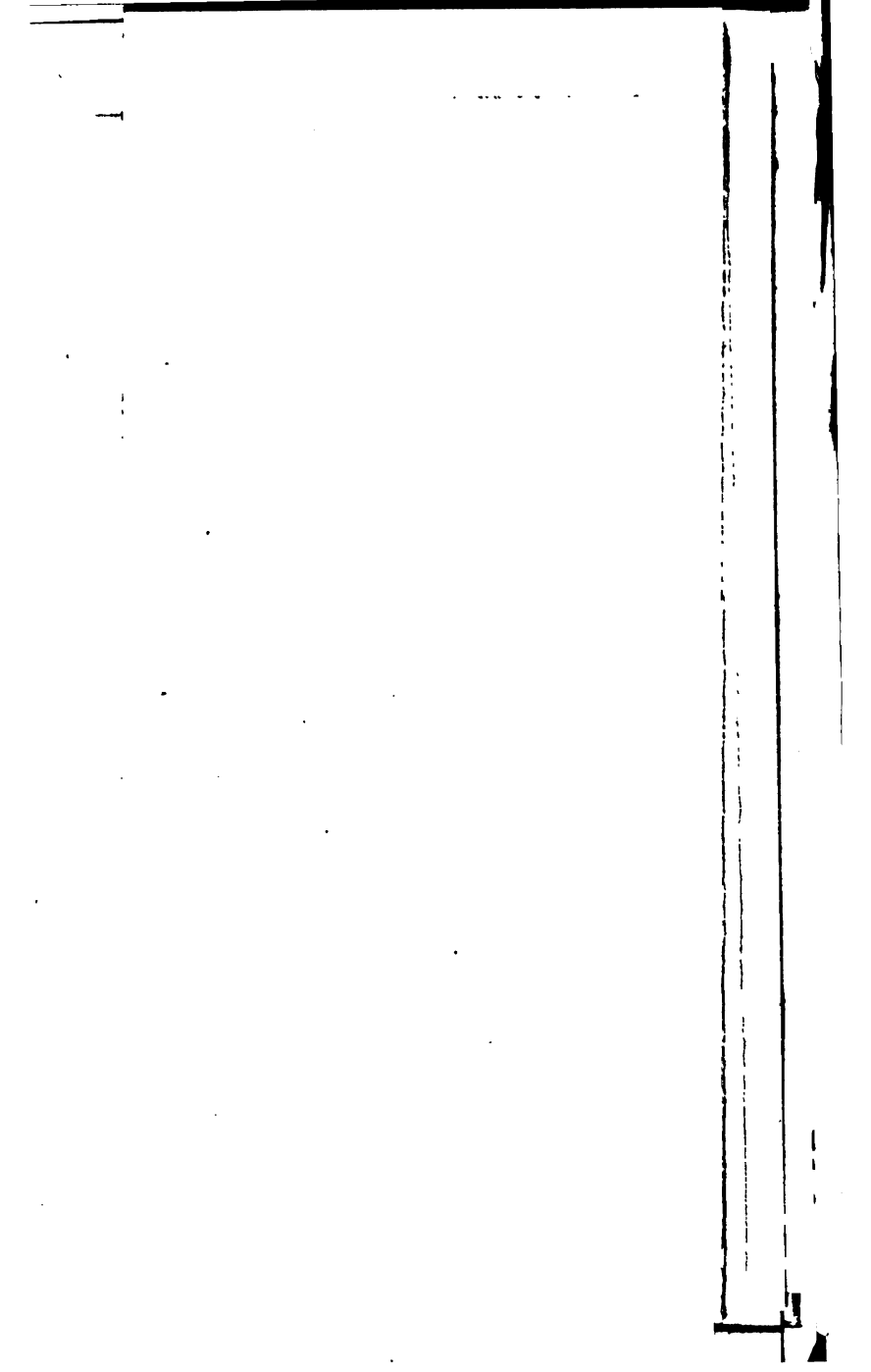

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TWO SUMMERS IN NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory—Reasons for writing—Interest of a Tour in Norway—Little attention paid by former Writers to the Picturesque—No account of the Angling—Norway pre-eminent in both—Ancient connexion with England—Different Routes: by Yacht; by Sailing Packets; a Merchantman; Steam Vessels to St. Petersburg; from Hull to Göthenborg; from London to Hamburg; and thence by Copenhagen to Christiania; Severally described—Copenhagen; Situation; History; Sights; Museums; Thorwaldsen's Statues—Helsingör—Hamlet—The Sound—Steam Vessels in the Baltic—Göthenborg—Beauty of Voyage to Christiania—Situation of City—Land Journey to Christiania—Falls of Trollhættan—Götha Canal—Kinnekulle, &c.—Uddevalla—Fredericshald—Sarpen Foss—Jonserud.

Of late years several brief accounts have been published of Tours in Scandinavia: but sin-

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gular to say, none that I have seen or heard of, give anything but the most meagre information regarding the piscatorial capabilities, or geological, or picturesque features of a country, which yet in all those respects is usually believed (and with justice) to be one of the most interesting within reach of the Tourist and Angler.

By far the best of these accounts is that of Mr. Laing, who has given most valuable information on the higher subjects of political, moral, and social statistics; which a two years' residence in Norway, and acquaintance with the language, combined with observation and intelligence, enabled him to collect. But Mr. L. is confessedly neither a Geologist, nor an Angler; while his pictorial descriptions of a country, so little known as Norway, scarcely satisfy the reader's curiosity. And even his very clever and valuable statistics must be read with a constant sense of his ultra-radical partialities in favour of Norway, (which appear inordinate in the eyes even of the Norwegians themselves,) and against

Sweden, which are scarcely less exaggerated; as they have the effect of preventing him from seeing any single fault in the one, or any merit in the other. Most northern travellers will, perhaps, agree with him in his main estimation of the two nations; but none, I think, can follow him without being convinced of the great exaggeration of his praise, equally as of his blame.

I have ventured to say this much, in order to show that there remains enough of unoccupied ground, to excuse another example of the *cacoëthes scribendi*. Without further allusion to other previous accounts, I may add in justification of this attempt to render my countrymen, and especially my brother Anglers, better acquainted with some of the features of Scandinavia, scarcely touched upon by former writers, that, besides having spent two entire summers there very recently, and having made myself sufficiently familiar with the language to converse with the natives, at least, without an interpreter, I have traversed many most roman-

tic districts, which, if visited, have not been described by Englishmen; and, above all, have been fortunate enough to pass the longest time, and have had the greatest success, on what I believe to be the best Salmon river yet known to Anglers, of any votary of the Gentle Art.

I need not detain the reader with any further attempts to explain my motives in thus adding to the overgrown literature of the day: I feel confident that if only my little notice have the effect of inducing any intelligent traveller to visit the "Land of the Fjeld and the Fjord," his own sensations will soon teach him to cease to wonder, that I should have attempted to convey to others, some faint idea of the strange delight and interest, a Scandinavian Tour is calculated to afford.

All is, indeed, so strange to one who has only trodden the hacknied route of Southern Europe: the scenery, the climate, and consequent mode of life, the strongly marked features both of the country and its inhabitants, the in-

stitutions, the language, all distinguish the stern North from the sunny South, so much, that a rambler accustomed to the plains of France, or the shores of the Mediterranean, imagines himself transported to another hemisphere. This novelty, this raciness of contrast, cannot but be highly exciting. But what greatly increases the interest of the Tour to an Englishman is, that in most of these points of contrast, he discovers so many links of union with the olden history of his own country.

The Northern men played far too important a part in Britain during the very period of the formation of our national character, not to have stamped indelible traces on its adolescent institutions. The progress of improvement has been much less rapid with them, than with us: so that we find there still existing, in almost their primitive state, habits, and principles, and customs, and laws, which with us have been gradually modified to our altered condition, but without losing many of the features

of their original parentage. Many customs and superstitions, now confined to our remoter districts, are still prevalent in Norway; in like manner as many words and expressions, that we usually consider vulgarisms, or provincialisms in language, are evidently Norsk. Again, the wild and grand features of the scenery, the atmospheric phœnomena, the dreary winters, involuntarily remind us of the mythology of Odin, or recall the shadowy pictures our boyhood conjured up, while devouring the pages of Ossian.

Of course a residence in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with the language and institutions, are necessary, fully to appreciate these traits of national resemblance; but any intelligent traveller cannot help being struck by many points of unexpected coincidence, the number of which will depend upon his knowledge of the language, as well as on his powers of observation. But independent of these, there are more general sources of

interest, in the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of the habits, the extreme kindness and hospitality of the inhabitants, the fineness of the climate in summer, that render it impossible, I should think, for any one possessed of a *mens sana in corpore sano,* not to derive deep gratification from a tour in Norway; even though he be not, as I frankly confess myself to be, a passionate lover of Angling.

The number of devotees to old Izaak's gentle craft has so greatly increased of late years, that the ancient haunts within the British dominions no longer suffice: while the opportunities of a free range, and a quiet "cast," have wofully diminished. The best English rivers have long been appropriated: the Lochs and streams of Scotland are now very commonly "preserved," from being found to constitute a very tempting addition to the grouse shooter, whom many of the Highland lairds have discovered to be a more profitable tenant of the barren magnificence of their muirs, than the

sheep farmer. Nay, even in the "far West" of Ireland, proprietors are beginning to scan their rights in the waters, as well as in the soil, more carefully than of yore: and I even hear that since I threw a line in the noble waters of the Erne, a regular Angling Club has been established at Ballyshannon.

Such, therefore, as have the power of taking a longer flight, naturally turn to other lands, where this art, so peculiarly English, is as yet unknown. A few adventurous brothers of the rod have already explored the Scandinavian wilds: that country will very probably, in its turn, soon become overstocked; and then nothing will remain for the more daring enthusiasts of this fascinating sport, but to follow the tide of civilization westward into the New World, and there pursue their mimic war against the gigantic tenants of the vast Lakes and Rivers of that Continent. Meanwhile, they will not, I imagine, be sorry to learn what verge and scope there is for their prowess, in waters so much nearer our own shores.

But, though I mention these piscatory details as constituting a main feature in the Tour I am about to describe, I would not have it be understood, either that Angling was the only point to which I directed my attention, or that it is the only attraction that Norway presents to the Tourist. I trust the following pages will bear sufficient evidence to the contrary of both these suppositions.

Although the Angler's devotion to his favourite pursuit is invariably so strong that it cannot but appear prominently, yet I believe there are none of our craft who do not keenly feel the beauties of Nature, with which it renders them so peculiarly conversant; and few who do not possess a desire for the general information befitting a gentleman and a Christian; even if they have not (as is very often the case) a turn for some particular branch of Natural History. While, therefore, I have entered at large into the subjects more immediately interesting to my brother Anglers, I have not omitted to describe, as dis-

tinctly as I could, the wildly beautiful scenes that Norway contains; as also the moral and social features of its inhabitants. I have done so, in the hope that these details may find favour in the eyes of my reader, no less than to satisfy the feelings of grateful recollection with which I look back to my Scandinavian Tours, and which I have sought to perpetuate in the following pages.

One of my chief inducements to publish these volumes was the desire of assisting such of my countrymen as may wish to visit Norway, and especially Anglers; I shall therefore commence by pointing out the best modes of reaching it. For this purpose, perhaps a private Yacht will appear to some the most desirable: but besides that not many of my readers can be supposed to possess so costly a mode of conveyance, I think it objectionable, as it must either remain in port during the Tour, an useless source of expense; or if it be employed as a means of transport from point to point, the interest-

ing and improving opportunity of seeing the scenery and inhabitants of the interior is lost.

There are every summer good sailing vessels from London, or Harwich, to Drammen, or Christiania, to Göthenborg, and even to Trondhjem.* There are frequently merchant ships, and occasionally Steamers, from Hull to Göthenborg: and for a short time last year (1839) the Steam Packets to St. Petersburg landed passengers at Christiansand, which enabled the Tourist to reach the southern shores of Norway, on the fourth day from London. Unfortunately the experiment answered so badly, that it was given up before the season was over.

All these opportunities, however, are precarious. The only route that can be depended on for regularity, is that by steam to Hamburg,

* This summer (1840) steam packets have been established between Hull and Göthenborg, touching at Christiansand. They leave Hull every Saturday afternoon; thus affording the shortest and easiest mode of reaching either Norway or Sweden, to those who do not object to the length of the voyage: and as they convey the letters by contract with Government, there is every prospect of their being continued for some time at least.

and thence to Kiel and Lübeck; from both which places there are weekly communications by Steam vessels, with the whole of the North. This route is longer and more expensive; and subjects the traveller to the frequent change of conveyance and of money, as well as to the annoyance of passports and custom-houses. But should he only have sufficient leisure, and an ordinary wish for information, he will most probably consider this delay and annoyance counterbalanced by the opportunity of seeing Hamburg, the Baltic, Copenhagen, Göthenborg, &c. The Angler will find little to interest him on the road, except at Falkenberg: but the geologist will be amply repaid at many points for any days that his time will allow him to devote to his favourite science.

Any Passport whatever will suffice, except for Russia; quite as much attention being paid to that of the Hanseatic consul, as to Lord Palmerston's costly Firman. Both in Denmark and Sweden all travellers are obliged to take out

a "land-pass," or passport of the country, in addition to the foreign one they bring with them: in Norway a passport is rarely asked for after the first landing. Almost any kind of English money can be exchanged for that of the respective countries. I obtained from Messrs. Norman and Sewell a circular letter to all their very respectable correspondents in the North, and took besides both sovereigns, and Herries and Farquhar's notes: with none of which I had the least difficulty in any of the principal towns; although the first secured me civilities, which of course I could not expect from the latter.

The best season for starting, for one who has the entire summer at his command, is as early in May as the weather may seem to be well settled; which will enable the Tourist to see a little of Copenhagen, Trollhættan, Christiania, &c. before the snows have sufficiently melted, for the interior of Norway to become easy of access.

There are commodious and powerful Steam Packets, from the Tower stairs, every Tuesday

and Friday night, to Hamburg. The passage is usually performed in about sixty hours; the minimum being forty-eight, and the maximum seventy or eighty hours, according to weather. The distance from point to point is called 450 miles; a great part of it, however, is either in the two rivers, or under the comparative protection of the land, so as to afford tolerably smooth water: in mid-channel there is almost invariably a violent swell from the North or South, (according to the wind,) that causes the vessel to pitch from side to side, in a manner most trying to landsmen's nerves and stomachs.

Hamburg possesses no manufactures, but has a great transit trade. Indeed it may be considered the commercial capital of the Continent; as it both serves for an emporium where most other countries obtain foreign goods and colonial produce; and also regulates the rate of continental exchanges. It is a large and handsome city. The more ancient streets contain singularly quaint, lofty buildings, with huge

gable ends towards the streets, of a fantastic scroll pattern: while the quarter round the Alster is built in the most approved modern fashion; and the ramparts afford extensive and most delightful promenades. This is one of the agreeable results of the long continuance of peace, that the defences which had been found worse than useless in war, as drawing on the devoted place the horrors of a siege, have here, as at Frankfort and so many other continental towns, been happily converted to the ornament of the city and the recreation of its inhabitants. No where has this been more successfully effected than at Hamburg.

There is great apparent luxury, life, and bustle in Hamburg; but I am not aware of any public establishment for any thing more intellectual than a good theatre, together with numerous cafés, most abundantly supplied with cigars and newspapers. The hôtels, as might be expected, are many and good: amongst them, I had every reason to be satisfied with the

Hôtels de Russie, and de St. Petersburg: and I believe there are several at the least equally comfortable.

From Hamburg, or more properly from the adjoining Danish town of Altona,* there is a Diligence direct to Copenhagen: but it is much too tedious, uncomfortable, and expensive, for any one to travel by it, that can possibly avoid it. The Tourist must, therefore, decide on proceeding either to Kiel, or to Lübeck; both cities on the Baltic: from each of which, steamers start for Copenhagen, every week during the summer; on Saturday evenings from the former, on Tuesday evenings from the latter.

The distance from Hamburg to Kiel is somewhat the longest, being rather more than sixty English miles: the road is excellent, though at the same time very uninteresting. There is a dilatory Diligence between the two towns; so di-

* The free town of Hamburg is only divided by an open space of less than half a mile from Altona, which belongs to Denmark, and stands by so much lower down on the Elbe. Altona is also a large, and actively commercial city, though it cannot in any respect compete with its prosperous neighbour.

latory that I have always preferred either to post, or to hire a Voiturier. The former is rather the more expensive mode, the latter rather the more tedious: in either way the distance may be accomplished in from ten to eleven hours: and as the steamer does not start before seven o'clock, P. M., there is ample time to get on board, by leaving Hamburg early in the morning.

The Extra-post is well managed in Denmark. Each Postmaster is bound to give the traveller a paper, specifying the distance, the expense, and time in which the stage should be performed. The Holstein horses are justly celebrated all over Europe: and at every station very fair carriages may be obtained by such persons as have not their own. The common Holsteiner Wagen consists of an inordinately long body of wicker work, with three or four transverse seats: it is a light, commodious, and inexpensive vehicle; but withal dreadfully jolting on rough roads. The soil in this part of Holstein is generally very poor, consisting of transported gravel and boulders; beneath which, on approaching Kiel,

the chalk is seen appearing. The stranger will be struck with the enormous hostelries, with their lofty gable ends, standing across the road, and covered with an immense expanse of thatched roof. The carriages drive into the centre of these houses, and the horses are there fed with the usual black bread of the country, without being unharnessed.

Kiel has nothing to recommend it beyond the gardens attached to the royal Chateau, and its rather pretty bay: but the voyage from it to Copenhagen is interesting, as it passes close to the islands Alster, Moën, &c.: it is performed in about twenty hours.

The road from Hamburg to Lübeck used to be proverbially the worst in Europe, in consequence of his Danish majesty's* not permitting the small portion of it that traverses his dominions to be repaired; with the view of driving all travellers to his own town of Kiel.

* This aged monarch is since dead: it remains yet to be seen what will be the course of his successor.

Lately, however, he has been shamed into allowing its improvement; though he still pertinaciously refuses his sanction to a Railroad between the two Free Towns; for which the necessary funds had long been raised, and a Company formed. Of its success little doubt could be entertained, since no two towns could be better situated for a railroad, and the intermediate land is a dead level.

By passing through Oldesloe, which makes the journey one German mile longer, (or about forty English miles in all,) the greater portion of the worst road may be avoided; and by deviating two German miles more, the Saltmines of Segeberg and Luneberg may be visited, which are interesting as being the only two spots where native Boracium is found, in minute crystals. The whole of this part of Europe is covered with a thick mantle of what French geologists call "terrains de transport," composed principally of rounded pebbles, with occasional tracts of sand, and in-

terspersed with those remarkable fragments of the older rocks of the North, named by Forchhammer, "Baltic boulders."

The environs of Lübeck are very pleasing: and to an admirer of the architecture of the Middle Ages, the town presents many striking monuments of its ancient grandeur, when it was confessedly the head of the Hanseatic League, the first Naval Power until Holland and England arose to eclipse its supremacy. A day may be agreeably spent in examining the picturesque relics of times, to which modern taste in our country seems fond of recurring for models, both in architecture and furniture: the environs also present many points for a delightful stroll; and the inns are good.

A small Steam boat conveys passengers down the river to the pretty little port and bathing town of Travemunde, (*i. e.* "Mouth of the Trave,") where the Copenhagen steamer is ready to transport them in less than twenty hours to the Danish capital. A third commu-

nication has also lately been established between Kiel and Copenhagen, by means of a small Steam boat, called the Löwen, to Wordingborg, and thence over land through Zeeland, by Diligence: I do not, however, by any means recommend it in preference to either of the others.

Whichever of these routes may have been adopted, no Englishman can approach Copenhagen without a melancholy recollection of events connected with the modern history of that fine city, in which he cannot help regretting that his country had any share. The seizure of the fleet in 1801, is supposed to be justifiable on the principle of self-defence, which holds equally good for nations, as for individuals; and it has been comparatively forgiven and forgotten by the Danes. But not so the bombardment of 1807; the memory of which still rankles in their breasts, and makes a large proportion of the population, both high and low, to detest the name of England. Can we wonder at it? the more especially, since the loss of their

colonies, the destruction of their commerce, the total extinction of their consequence, if not of their independence, are all associated with that most "untoward event."

Copenhagen may be called on the whole a fine, and well built city. The line of its palace streets is very handsome, though somewhat desolate: that of its shop streets (for they are quite distinct,) is lively, and gay, and amusing. In the former, scarcely a pedestrian is seen: while the latter are constantly filled with busy, bustling passengers: and the doors and shutters being universally adorned with tolerably executed representations of what is sold within, the stranger is amused, as he walks along, with a novel series of curious pictures. The squares are remarkably spacious; and it has altogether very much the air of a capital: a feature that strikes the traveller more forcibly, on returning from the Norwegian metropolis, which most undeniably has a very bourgeois look in comparison.

Denmark maintains an army, that appears totally out of proportion to the finances and population of this small kingdom: and as a large force is necessarily always present at the residence of the Sovereign, the handsome uniforms and martial bearing of the numerous officers, assist in giving the streets a very animated appearance, somewhat different from the bourgeois guard of the good town of Hamburg, or the few, slovenly, ill-dressed military of economic Norway. The ramparts round Copenhagen afford a pleasant walk, and display on what a low flat the city is built, scarcely above the level of the sea: I cannot think that the situation is healthy. There are several ships of war, of the largest class, conspicuously laid up in ordinary: the commercial docks are desolate and untenanted.

A few days may be spent in this city very profitably and agreeably, even without introductions to the society, which is said to be extremely good. Besides the well known Univer-

sity, and Societies of Science, and Antiquities, there are many public institutions, amply deserving a visit. Of these my favourite was the Geological Museum attached to the University, which I enjoyed the frequent advantage of seeing in company with the distinguished Professor Forchhammer.

It is, as every national Museum should be, very rich in the geological treasures of its own country; such as the chalk fossils of Faxöe and Stevensklint; and the contents of the "Quaternary" (most recent geological) formation, in which vegetable matter is seen in all stages intermediate between our own peat bogs, and the brown coal of Germany. It contains also an abundant and valuable collection of foreign specimens, both of geology and mineralogy: among which I will only mention the splendid Olenus Tessini, figured by Hisinger in his "Lethæa Svecica."

Next to this, I was most pleased with the Museum of Northern Antiquities. These chiefly

consist of objects that have been dug up within the Danish dominions, and are rendered the more valuable from being instructively arranged, so as to exhibit the gradation from the flint hatchets, knives, chisels, spear and arrow heads, &c., of the earliest inhabitants, through the same instruments made of bronze, and subsequently for a short period of bronze edged with iron; until at last the discovery of the mode of working and tempering iron completely superseded all other metals.

There are many other interesting objects in this Museum: and in some of the palaces, the curious in ivory nicnacs may see how much ingenuity may be uselessly displayed, and what vast sums foolishly squandered, in the delicate manipulation of that article.

But as it does not enter into my plan to particularize all the objects of interest that Copenhagen contains, I will only further mention that its present greatest boast and ornament are the works of Thorwaldsen, lately placed in the

Frauenkirke. They consist of a colossal figure of Christ, standing behind, and rather above, the Altar table; with those of the twelve Apostles, in heroic size, ranged against the wall, on each side, down the body of the Church. As a whole, I know of no group equal to them in modern Sculpture. The attitude and countenance of our Blessed Saviour are beautifully expressive of the text inscribed beneath: "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden:" while the figures of the Apostles display not only general beauty and harmony, but also a variety, and individuality of expression, quite wonderful.

Raffael has shown how worse than absurd it is to venture to represent the Deity. But surely it is more allowable to attempt to embody the human form assumed for our sakes by the Eternal Son: and if any mortal hand has at all approached success in this attempt, in my opinion, it is Thorwaldsen. He is a Dane, but long resident in Italy, and last year, came from Rome on purpose to superintend the

erection of these noble statues in his native city; where he was, as he deserved, most enthusiastically received by all classes. The Church itself is simple, grand, and well proportioned, forming a worthy shrine for the treasures it contains. Above the portico outside is a beautiful group of St. John preaching in the Wilderness, esteemed by many to be Thorwaldsen's best composition. His famous bassi rilievi of the Triumph of Alexander, so well known to every visiter of Rome, have lately been placed in the Christianburg, a very handsome palace, built by Christian V., but never completely furnished, nor occupied.

In addition to the many public institutions and buildings, with the docks, ramparts, and environs, which may agreeably occupy as many mornings as the Tourist can spare, he will be amused in strolling through the Market by observing the singular costume and manners of the fish women, and market gardeners; who are the descendants of a Dutch colony

planted in a neighbouring island above a century ago, and have preserved their race and dress pure and unchanged. I may add that the figures for which Holland is celebrated, do not seem to have degenerated in proportions among her semi-Danish daughters. It is impossible not to smile at seeing them on a holiday in the dog-days, cumbered with an extraordinary superfluity of petticoats, and coifed and neckerchiefed up to the throat. The colours of their dress are showy; and they often display costly gold ornaments: the effect therefore is very picturesque.

In a morning, along the quay, besides plenty of the usual sea fish, are generally to be seen several carts, loaded with innumerable eels, bream, perch, pike, &c. from the stagnant waters, with which the neighbourhood of Copenhagen abounds. But the Angler will perhaps be more interested by observing in the neighbouring boats newly caught salmon, from Halmstad in Sweden, hanging up to dry:

and if he have any of my feelings, this sight will urge him to hasten his departure towards the streams where they may be killed.

There is a weekly Diligence from Copenhagen to Göthenborg; but I believe it to be very tedious; and that its only advantage is that it passes by Falkenberg, where is the best early Salmon river in Scandinavia, hereafter to be described. A far preferable conveyance is the Steam vessel, which leaves Copenhagen every Friday afternoon for Christiania, and reaches the Norwegian capital on the Sunday evening, stopping a few hours, on the way, at Göthenborg. Unless the traveller is bent upon taking a cast at Falkenberg, the best plan is to drive over on Thursday to Helsingör, (our Elsineur,) at the mouth of the Sound; a spot not only hallowed by the genius of Shakspeare, but of itself a scene of great interest and beauty: and having previously secured a berth in the Steamer, and arranged for the baggage to be put on board at Copenhagen, to embark at

Helsingör on board the Steam vessel, for which purpose it waits a few minutes off the pier.

The traveller will thus have an opportunity, so peculiarly acceptable to an Englishman, of rambling through the localities connected with one of our great Poet's most imaginative creations. And though he must not expect any very authentic records of the royal Dane, (all the many spots that are dignified with the names of Hamlet and poor Ophelia being comparatively modern designations to gratify the demand of English inquirers,) yet to tread the very spots once trodden by the visionary Prince, and the lovesick Maid, will amply compensate, by its associations, for the loss of a day at Copenhagen. The prospects, moreover, both of sea and land, are extremely beautiful.

In running through the entrance of the Sound, the scene presented by the shores of Denmark on the one hand, and of Sweden on the other, with the castles of Kronenborg and Helsingborg on either side, and a thousand

vessels threading the narrow channel, associated with so many historical recollections, cannot but charm the eye, and awaken sweet thoughts, as long as the waning light allows it to be enjoyed. The traveller must then dive below to seek his berth; when if the passengers are numerous, as they are almost sure to be during the fine season, he will most probably be greeted with a scene such as he has not often witnessed.

These steam vessels belong to a monopoly, and are very insufficient for the numbers that crowd them throughout the summer. They frequently take forty or fifty cabin passengers; while they cannot by any contrivance afford proper accommodation for half that number. The upper berths in the Kiel boat are licensed to carry double: that is, if the vessel be full, you must submit to have a stranger, it may be, squeezed into the diminutive crib apportioned for your joint occupancy during the night. This doubling plan being impracticable on board the

"Prinds Karl," which runs between Copenhagen and Göthenborg, the whole space in the interior of the small cabin is crammed full of hammocks, that at night-fall are drawn out of the hold, redolent of bilge water, and swing to and fro in the centre, so close to each other, as scarcely to allow room to pass, or air to breathe. In both vessels, the accommodation devoted to the ladies is so very insufficient, that they are compelled to invade the territories usually appropriated to the gentlemen, occasioning the most indelicate intermixture of the two sexes that I have any where seen.

Then the Northerns, who constitute the majority of the passengers, being accustomed to pass one half of their lives in rooms hermetically sealed, are perpetually calling on the steward to shut every possible avenue of air, which the stifled English as pertinaciously insist upon opening. The squabbles and positive battles which this difference of tastes leads to, may be partly imagined: but the details of the thou-

sand tragi-comic scenes that ensue baffle all description. How delicious to escape from this tainted atmosphere, to enjoy the "incense-breathing morn," and see the early sun rise over the rock-bound coast of Sweden! The air feels doubly pure; the smiling sky, and dimpled ocean, seem to greet one with a doubly pleasing welcome, that combined with the interest attached to the first sight of a strange country, soon obliterates all traces of the night's *désagremens*. In justice, however, to the steam boats, I should add, that they are as well conducted as their disproportioned size will admit. The fault is not so much in the vessels themselves, or their managers, as in the authorities who countenance Packets so inadequate to the service they are required to perform. Their engines (obtained from England) though small, are good; and they are commanded by very superior, and gentlemanly officers, lieutenants in the respective services of Sweden and Norway.

The mouth of the Götha is usually reached about eight o'clock on the Saturday morning; and is approached through an archipelago of islet rocks, among which flocks of Eider, and other ducks, are seen in great numbers. The Steam boat anchors in the lower part of the river, about two miles below Göthenborg: and as it does not start again until two o'clock, P. M., ample time to see the town, is allowed to such passengers as wish to proceed direct to Norway. In fact, although Göthenborg is the first commercial port in Sweden, there is little in it to detain the sight-seer: there are no galleries of art or science, no public buildings of any consequence, no handsome streets, no beautiful scenery.

The first aspect of the town, however, is pleasing. A branch of the river Götha runs through the centre, lined with the best houses that Göthenborg can boast, with alleys of trees here and there, in the fashion of the Low Countries. This canal is usually crowded with

country boats of picturesquely strange appearance. The Fauxbourgs also of the city will not fail to strike the traveller who here first sets his foot on Scandinavian ground. He at once finds that he has got into a country of wood. Wood is almost the only material used in the construction of the houses; and being commonly painted a dark red colour, is rendered more conspicuous. The southern shore of the river, for a long way below the town, is occupied with deal-yards, belonging to the principal merchants: the other chief export, besides timber, is iron.

By far the best part of the trade of Göthenborg has got into the hands of some very respectable Scotch families. There are about a hundred British residents, who form a very pleasant society among themselves; to the exclusion, apparently, of any but the principal natives. There is also an English Chaplain, Consul, and vice-consul, and a comfortable Inn, kept by a Mrs. Tod; the other hotels have not

a very good character; but the public Baths are among the best appointed I have met with out of France.

If the Tourist be resolved to reach Christiania with as little delay as possible, a glimpse at the town, and a dinner on land, will be all for which he will have time, before he returns to the Steam boat; where he will generally find a very inconvenient accession of passengers, most probably in high dudgeon at the paucity of accommodation provided for them. The passage from the Götha to Fredericsværn, a small town on the south-eastern coast of Norway, is rather rough in bad weather; as it traverses the Skagerack, and is completely exposed to the south-west: but the most disagreeable part of the voyage is that at Fredericsværn, the passengers and luggage are turned out before five o'clock in the morning, and put on board a small steamer that conveys them up the Fjord to Christiania; where it arrives about seven the same evening.

This latter voyage is in the highest degree

interesting and beautiful; and as the vessel crosses the Fjord from side to side, to leave or take in passengers at every town along its shores, there is ample opportunity of enjoying it. The first view of Norway presents a very favourable contrast to that of Sweden, which latter is (at least on the Western coast) as bare and wild as can be conceived, and almost devoid of habitations visible from the sea. Whereas, on obeying the early summons to leave the "Prinds Karl," and embark on board the "Constitution," in the harbour of Fredericsværn, the eye opens upon abundant evidence of the presence and industry of man. The shore is lined with houses; adjoining are verdant, well cultivated fields; in the back ground rise lofty mountains, partially bare, and partially covered with dark pine forests.

The town is entirely built of wood, with the exception of the fortress; and from its colour, as well as position, has a peculiarly picturesque appearance from the water. The little port is

singularly embosomed in granite rocks: a short way from shore is moored the whole navy of Norway, consisting of a couple of corvettes, and some half dozen gun-boats, laid up in ordinary. I suppose this Lilliputian force is kept as a nucleus for their marine; otherwise it would seem to be either too much, or too little, being useless in war, and needlessly expensive in peace.

Fredericsværn is situated at the mouth of a Fjord which extends for about seventy miles up to Christiania; without including several minor branches, the principal of which is that of Drammen. The lower part is very broad, but it gradually contracts, and about half way becomes extremely narrow; after which it again expands into the beautiful basin, at the head of which is seated the Norwegian capital.

I scarcely know a more enjoyable voyage, on a fine summer's day than this up the Fjord of Christiania. At first the course lies among the thousand islands of all sizes that line the

western shore, and is afterwards seldom far from one or the other coast. Wherever there is any level land, smiling hamlets and cultivation are sure to be seen: but even where the rocky soil seems to forbid all footing to man, in many a sheltering corner nestle small but well built cottages, with their green patches of corn and potatoes close by; while the numerous boats show that their hardy inmates consider the sea to be both their farm and high road. The extent of coast that Norway presents, indented with innumerable inlets, and the impracticable character of its rocky shores, render the passage from point to point by water infinitely easier than by land. Fortunately, also, for the Norwegians, the seas abound with fish, that afford them a plentiful supply of food, too often denied them by their niggard soil. Hence a large proportion of the natives have acquired a very amphibious nature, seeming almost as much at home on the ocean, as on the dry land; and are consequently excellent and intre-

pid sailors. The granite cliffs that guard the shore are often grand; and the inland mountains which tower above them, clothed with pines to their very summits, display the noblest forms and masses; particularly towards the upper end, and on the western side of the Fjord.

It will be readily felt that such scenes require not the additional charm of novelty to render them impressively interesting. But the head of this magnificent Loch (for it quite answers to the Salt water Lochs of the western coast of Scotland) is characterised by beauty, even more than by grandeur; and no one, I think, can view the softening shades, of an early summer's evening, steal over the waters of the lovely bay, along whose circling shores the white buildings of Christiania are seen backed by a vast amphitheatre of dark mountains, without confessing it to be one of the most pleasing pictures he has anywhere witnessed.

Leaving the stranger in the enjoyment of

this delicious prospect, I must return for a moment to Göthenborg, in order to point out another and still better route. For if the Tourist have leisure, I should strongly advise him to quit the Steam boat at Göthenborg, and wait for the packet of the following week: or, still better, if he have a native servant, or be himself moderately acquainted with the language, to proceed by land to Christiania. The falls of Trollhættan are situated less than fifty miles up the river Götha: and as there are almost daily steamers from Göthenborg, that pass close to them, it would be a pity to lose the opportunity of viewing so celebrated and grand a scene; which would justify and recompense a pilgrimage of ten times the distance and difficulty. The vast body of waters collected in the Wenern lake, (the second largest in Europe,) rushes through a magnificently wild gorge, evidently rent asunder by their force in the solid rock, during the lapse of ages; and forms a succession of torrents and cataracts,

for the distance of more than an English mile.

There is no one Fall of any great height: but the effect of the whole scene, from the immense quantity and impetuosity of the water, and the accompaniments of rock and wood, and the usual elements of a Scandinavian landscape, is inexpressibly grand. There are several points from which all the Falls can be taken in at one view: there are others, where the adventurous explorer of Nature's wildest scenes may stand, as it were, in the very midst of the cataract, scarcely a yard above the enormous flood that rushes so swiftly and so fiercely by, as to make the boldest heart almost doubt the security of the fragile bridge poised across the fearful chasm. Accidents have not been wanting, to add to the fatal interest of the locality.

In order to avoid this impassable barrier, and to open a water communication between Stockholm and Göthenborg, a canal has been

constructed in the solid rock, of two or three miles in length: though scarcely deserving the celebrity it has attained, it must be considered a remarkable work for the age in which it was executed, and the means of its projectors. It has however been found to be inconveniently narrow: and accordingly, after long discussion, the attempt has been commenced (1839) to widen it, and improve the navigation.

There is a tolerably good Inn at Trollhættan: and if the season be not too early, the Angler while here, may take the opportunity to kill a few of the large trout of Lake Wenern, which apparently descend the first or second Fall, and are glad to harbour in any of the side pools, where they can find quiet and food. The first time I tried this spot, I killed, with fly, one trout between ten and eleven pounds, besides a few others from four to six pounds each. But the next season that I revisited Trollhættan, the river was so full of "snow brew," that I could

not raise a fish, either with fly or troll. Mr. Lloyd, the well known author of "Northern Field Sports," resides about three miles above Trollhættan; where he has a fishery, and kills with the troll great numbers of much heavier fish than I have mentioned. These large fish are called "Lax," or Salmon by the natives, which seems to have puzzled Mr. Laing: whereas the slightest inspection of their form, colour, or teeth, independently of any consideration of their habits, might have satisfied any one as to their total dissimilarity to the *Salmo salar*. They are, in fact, identical with the well known large Loch trout, which has received, and well deserves, the name *Salmo ferox:* both here, and on the lowest Fosses of the Klara, and other rivers that fall into lake Wenern, they frequently exceed thirty pounds.

There are regular Steam boats, three times a-week, through the Canal and Lakes to Stockholm; and according to my experience, these packets by no means merit the unfavourable

character given them in a recent publication.* They are necessarily small from the dimensions of the locks at Trollhættan: but are conveniently divided into cabins for two persons, one of which a single traveller may, if he please, secure to himself at no great cost; and thus insure ample space and privacy. The *cuisine* on board is certainly not first-rate; but in what part of Scandinavia is it so? it is the fault of the country, not of the vessels. They stop for a few hours each night; and reach Stockholm on the fourth day from Göthenborg: thus affording a very convenient opportunity of seeing the central districts of Sweden, and admiring some of its most interesting scenery.

The geologist, who has leisure, will avail himself of his visit to Trollhættan, to examine the neighbouring mountains of Hunneberg and Halleberg, as well as to make a very interesting excursion to Kinnekulle, &c., hereafter to be more particularly described. If he be

* Hand Book for Northern Europe.

further prepared to encounter the overland journey to Norway, he will have the advantage of seeing the extraordinary collection of fossil shells at Uddevalla, the fortress of Fredericshald, where Charles XII. lost his life: the noble Fall of the Sarpen Foss, containing even a vaster body of water than the Götha at Trollhættan: and, finally, he will enjoy, in the two last stages, the most magnificent views of the Fjord of Christiania. Or, if he prefer the route by water, he must return to Göthenborg, whence he may make shorter excursions, sufficient to occupy the time agreeably, until the arrival of the weekly Steam boat on the following Saturday.

I cannot say that the environs of Göthenborg are altogether very attractive in my eyes. There is no softness of outline, nor beauty of detail: there are no well kept country seats and grounds; and the features of the landscape do not possess sufficient grandeur, to compensate for the absence of beauty. The low

banks of the river are occupied for a long way above the town by extensive reed beds, the favourite resort of innumerable wild fowl: and the surrounding mountains have that bare and sterile look that often characterises the Gneiss family. Still I must confess, that a ramble among them on a breezy summer morning has a peculiar charm derived from their very wildness and sterility.

The only pretty, and much the most interesting spot in the neighbourhood, is Jonserud, about nine miles from Göthenborg. At this place a small river issues from the last of a chain of lakes, affording an unfailing supply of water, of which an English company, Gibson and Keiller, have availed themselves to establish a manufactory of sail-cloth, upon a very large scale. Ten years ago this spot was a perfect solitude, where now some hundreds obtain employment and subsistence. The difficulties to be encountered were immense, as every part of the machinery had to be invented

and modelled by one of the partners, and afterwards to be manufactured under his eye by native artizans, whom he was himself first obliged to instruct. In addition to the interest of the establishment (which the civility of the proprietors much enhances) the situation is extremely picturesque. I will only add, that the geologist will find there a bed of shells similar, though much inferior, to the deposit at Uddevalla: while the Angler will not be sorry to learn, that the river affords very good Salmon fishing during the season: when I was there on 20th May, 1839, the fish had scarcely begun to enter it.

CHAPTER II.

Christiania: Hotel; Public buildings; Environs; Stadholder, Count Wedel Jarlsberg; State dinners; Bogstad; University; Museums; Professors; Charitable institutions; Timber trade —Preparations for a Norwegian Tour: Travelling servants; Carriages; Provisions; Regulations of posting; Indifference of inns, and fare—Mode of living, and farming—Houses; Horses; Breeds of cattle—Forbud—Rate of travelling—Englishmen driving—National character.

By whatever route the stranger may have arrived at Christiania, his first care will be to get his things passed through the Custom house, which he will probably find more rigorous and troublesome than he had expected in so free a country: his next, to secure the best accommodation he can in the Hôtel du Nord. There is an inferior inn, and several lodging houses: but the above hotel is much the best, especially for a foreigner: and although the charges may be a little dearer than the prices of the country

require, I have always met with great civility and much comfort there.

Much prejudice was excited against the Hôtel du Nord, in consequence of the Duke of Devonshire, some years ago, having been obliged to bring a formal complaint against the exorbitance of its charges. Humbler tourists naturally thought that if one of England's richest dukes found the house too dear, it must be totally beyond their more limited means. The fact, however, was, that his Grace ordered a sumptuous banquet, of which he did not partake, in consequence of a subsequent engagement. But though the master was elsewhere engaged, the servants did ample justice to the viands, not omitting a dozen of iced Champagne: and as all the preparatory expenses had been incurred, the proprietor, Mr. Smith, considered himself justified in charging the full price of a dinner, which the duke had ordered, but did not eat. This he was advised to resist, as an imposition; and

the story did Mr. Smith no good. A new proprietor, of the name of Schölter, has now taken the Inn.

There is a daily table d'hôte at two o'clock, frequented by most of the official residents, professional men, members of the Storthing, &c., in addition to passing travellers. There are seldom less than twenty at the table; oftener, in the summer, more than fifty: and yet the process is carried on with such unexampled rapidity, that by half-past two, there are usually only two or three Englishmen left in "the banquet hall, deserted." The charges (except for the wines) are moderate; the fare abundant, but without variety: the cuisine appears to one entering Norway, to be very open to criticism; but on his return from his northern tour, it seems, from contrast, excellent.

As a stay of some days, at least, in Christiania will be necessary, in order to complete the requisite preparations for a journey through the interior, it may be as well here to give a

brief description of what this town can offer to occupy the Tourist's attention. Christiania, it must be confessed, is both very small, and has a very bourgeois look for a capital. The streets are broad, and regular, but like all the northern towns, ill paved to a degree very unpleasant to either riders, or walkers: the principal thoroughfares are, however, under a course of slow improvement. Some of the private houses are of respectable size and appearance, though without any pretensions to architecture; they are almost entirely built of wood, and usually painted yellow, or green.

The public establishments are all on the humblest provincial scale; to which the Storthing-house, with its four unwieldy wooden columns, and the University, and even the Churches, are no exceptions. Nay, I must say, that the lately-erected royal Palace is an eyesore, rather than an ornament; looking more like a large, plain barrack, than the residence of a Sovereign. The first glance at the city betrays that little public

money is devoted to public buildings: perhaps, the new Theatre, and the Freemasons' hall, may be quoted as evidences of a better taste becoming prevalent.

At any rate, if Man have contributed little to the ornament of the place, Nature has done much towards rendering the site of this city one of the most beautiful that I know. It is impossible to attain any elevated point, from which its environs can be commanded, without enjoying a variety of the most exquisite pictures. Immediately opposite to Christiania the Fjord branches into two spacious lakes, covered with numerous, well wooded islets, happily disposed. The vast amphitheatre of mountains, that hems it in, is characterised by considerable grandeur; while the irregularly rising ground, between the city and the hills, is studded with pretty looking country seats, belonging to the wealthier inhabitants. The outline of the shore is picturesquely broken by many projecting points and peninsulas;

one of the loveliest of which is occupied by the delightful grounds, and tranquil residence of the justly popular British Consul.

I am happy to be able to speak in the highest terms of the goodness of heart, the kindness of manner, and the hospitality, of all ranks in the Norwegian capital, from the highest to the lowest. The English language is spoken very generally: and not merely a respect, but an evident affection is universally shown for the English character, which is as gratifying, as it is unusual on the Continent; where all respect or even fear us, but few love us. Our habits of living, and of thinking, amalgamate much better with the Teutonic, than with either the Gallic or Italian character: and of all the Teutonic races, the Norwegians seem to sympathize with us the most readily. Any introductions that the traveller may have brought, will here pass for their full value; and he will not find it difficult to enter into the best society.

The Stadholder, or Viceroy, Count Wedel

Jarlsberg, is confessedly the first man in the country, not only by official position, but by his own personal character, talents, rank, and property. In 1814, when the Norwegians were in deliberation as to the person they should elect for their sovereign, Count Wedel Jarlsberg obtained several votes: and when later he was appointed Viceroy, the nation was unanimous in testifying its satisfaction. He has travelled much; and is well acquainted with foreign countries: he speaks English perfectly well, and understands England better than most Englishmen.

In his official capacity, he gives State dinners, twice a week, in the handsomest style; to which access is by no means difficult, for our countrymen especially, who will meet there the most distinguished foreigners, and natives of all classes. It is pleasing to see at his Excellency's splendid board, not only the official heads of the Norwegian government, the highest military as well as civil officers, *en grande*

tenue, covered with orders; but also the first men in science, and in the learned professions, and even in commerce, all simply habited *en frac*. Not unfrequently also clergymen are there, in the quaint and striking costume, adopted by the Lutheran church. These parties are confined to the male sex: but when, as is often the case, the Countess is present, they receive all the additional charm that the most simple, yet most finished and pleasing manners can confer.

The Stadholder's official invitations are extended to every Traveller properly introduced: but whoever may enjoy the further advantage of being admitted into the delightful family circle at his Excellency's country residence, Bogstad, will, I am sure, consider the hours spent there, among the most interesting and pleasantest he has ever passed. It is a sweet, retired spot, scarcely seven miles from the capital, yet completely in the country, stamped with the most decided Norwegian features.

The first view of it is very striking. A rise in the road prevents its being visible until you are within a mile of it; when on a sudden the house (a long, low, and rather straggling building) is seen with its adjacent gardens and grounds, on the opposite bank of a quiet lake, embosomed in steep mountains, bristling with tier above tier of firs to their very top. It is, in short, just the happy tranquil valley, in which one can imagine a statesman would delight to take refuge, from the turmoils of public life.

On both my visits to Norway, the first and the last days I spent in that country, were passed at Bogstad: and it is to them that I feel indebted, not merely for a great deal of information respecting Norway, but for the favourable impression, which the unaffected manners, and excellence of character, of these its confessedly first and highest individuals, could not help leading me to form of the entire people.

There are a considerable number not only

of clever, but of scientific men, connected with the University of Christiania. For as this is the only establishment of the kind in the kingdom, and it being imperatively required of all who aspire to any public situation to have previously passed here a very strict and impartial examination; efforts have been made to secure the services of distinguished professors. Some, such as Hansteen, enjoy an European reputation: and it is only their inaccessible position and language that prevent others from being as well known, as they deserve to be. The stranger, that has any scientific or literary object in view, will meet with every readiness to afford assistance and information; and all that have an opportunity of enjoying it, will find their society extremely agreeable, as well as instructive.

To speak of what more particularly engaged my attention, there is a very interesting mineralogical and geological Museum attached to the University, comprising a good collection of the

rich mineral treasures of Scandinavia, and a suite of rocks intended principally to illustrate the metamorphic changes they have undeniably undergone in this neighbourhood, in whatever manner those changes may be explained; together with numerous and valuable specimens of the singular Organic Remains, belonging to the older formations, for which the territory of Christiania has long been famous. At the head of this department is Professor Keilhau, who has for many years been engaged in elucidating the intricate geology of his native country: and even those who do not agree with all his novel theories, cannot but appreciate his acuteness and powers of observation, as well as the kindness with which he unlocks the stores of his mind and Museum, to the most unlearned votary of this fascinating Science.

In the same locale is a small Museum of Natural History, which contains a few good specimens of the Scandinavian Fauna, but is far from being so complete as it ought to

be, in the capital of a country so abundant in the rarer forms of organic life. The specimens even of animals peculiar to these northern regions, such as lemmings, elks, reindeer, &c., are very bad: those of bears, wolves, silver-foxes, and others, are scarcely better. Some of the birds, that have been recently added, are pretty good: but the entire establishment betrays too evident marks of the stinginess of the Storthing in matters of public ornament, or even utility.

The public charitable institutions could hardly be expected to be upon a large scale. I was, however, much pleased with the manner in which that of Eugenia's Stiftelse seemed to be conducted. Its principal feature is the instruction of young women from the country, in all kinds of weaving, and other similar work: but besides this, habits of cleanliness, piety, and religion, are so strictly inculcated, as to have earned for them the honourable appellation of *Helge*, or saints.

Christiania is the chief port for the exportation of deals; as Drammen is for that of timber. This trade has considerably increased of late years, somewhat at the expense of Sweden: and would doubtless increase still more rapidly, if, as the Norwegians hope may eventually be the case, the protecting duties in favour of our Canadas were done away. Next to England, their best customers are Holland and France. There are many highly respectable merchants engaged in this trade; to some of whom the stranger will most probably have letters of introduction, when he will assuredly find the same reason, that I have, of speaking in the warmest terms of their hospitality and intelligence.

But, meanwhile, how are the preparations for a start northwards proceeding? The summer bursts forth very suddenly in these hyperborean latitudes, treading close upon the heels of winter; and though exquisitely beautiful, it is so very brief, that none of its fleeting hours should be lost.

The first requisite for the comfort of the tour, in my opinion, is a good travelling servant, acquainted with the language and habits of the country. And I am sorry to add, they are not only expensive, but scarce, and difficult to be procured: there have been so few travellers until within the last few years, that the demand and supply have necessarily been very limited. Some Englishmen have indeed lately travelled through Norway, without any servant, and without the slightest knowledge of the language. The consequence of which has been that they both perplexed and annoyed the natives, got into many scrapes and difficulties, obtained little information, and returned with most erroneous convictions of having been cheated and robbed by every body.

I met with several instances of "travellers of such a cast," who were full of complaints against the impositions that had been practised on them, and the treatment they had encountered. From their own statements even, it

was generally evident that they had themselves only to blame: and on speaking with the natives, I invariably found that my countrymen's complaints were founded in mistakes, which the people had endeavoured to explain, but in vain, from their being mutually unable to understand each other.

Some Englishmen also asseverated that they had had several things stolen; an accusation that greatly astonished me, as theft is extremely rare in Norway: I met with no instance of it. I travelled, however, long enough in company with these gentlemen to satisfy myself that many of their losses were more justly attributable to their own extreme carelessness: and, in more than one instance, I had opportunities of finding articles that they had negligently left behind, carefully preserved until means should occur of restoring them to their rightful owner. And yet such Tourists seemed to think themselves justified in branding a whole people as extortioners and thieves; when in reality, it was their own

ignorance and carelessness, that were in fault. Certainly, as far as complete inability to understand, or be understood by the people, among whom they were travelling, was concerned, together with the most entire disregard of their habits, feelings, and laws, these strangers were completely exposed, both to the imposition and indignation of the Norwegians. But far from thinking they suffered grievously in either respect, I consider they got off marvellously well; infinitely better than any foreigner, who should attempt to play the same pranks in England, could hope to escape.

On my first tour, I was accompanied by a Swede, named Jacob Karlblom, whom I engaged at Göthenborg: he spoke English, and had previously travelled in Norway. Prior to my second visit, I had taken some trouble to acquire the language, and being thereby enabled to dispense with an interpreter, I engaged a Norwegian from the Hôtel du Nord at Christiania, of the name of Peter Arnoodsen. I can

recommend them both, as honest, intelligent, and useful servants. I agreed with each on the same terms, viz. a Norwegian dollar, or four shillings a-day, besides paying all their expenses on the road. This is dear, considering the cheapness of the country; but I could not hear of any good servant for less; and some were unconscionable enough to ask much more. I should recommend my countrymen not to engage their domestic without consulting their banker, or the Consul: because, if they do not know the language, they are necessarily much at his mercy; and there are, as might be expected, men of indifferent character hanging about most of the foreign Inns.

The next important matter is that of carriages; for as there are no public conveyances whatever, in any part of Norway, it is indispensable for each traveller to have his own equipage. On this point, I strongly advise every tourist of common activity and hardihood,

(and no others have any business to penetrate into Norway,) to take the usual carriage of this country, and of no other, the Carriole. It consists of a seat, just large enough to admit the person, with a semicircular back, and a narrow sledge-like receptacle for the legs, and splash-board in front: the whole being fixed between two large wheels, into a pair of very long ashen shafts, with no other springs than what their length and elasticity supply. Short elliptic springs have been introduced into some Carrioles; but I think them objectionable on many accounts, and at best unnecessary, as the shafts, if well made, are quite springy enough; and the vehicle is so light that it bounds admirably over the ruts and obstacles in its way.

It is, indeed, possible for a Calèche, or even a light close carriage, to travel along the main roads in summer. But besides the impossibility of deviating from the great lines, and the difficulties, if not dangers, to be expected even on them, at ferries, bridges under repair, steep

hills, &c.: it must be remembered that the ponies, which supply the place of post horses in this country, are furnished by the different farmers in rotation, and that very often it will happen that the three or four which may be required, will never have seen each other before, and not one of them been previously in any but single harness. The Carriole is *par excellence* the carriage of Norway; and in fine weather, with a good little horse, and on good roads, a very pleasant conveyance it is: under the opposite conditions, none can be very agreeable; I may add, least of all this.

Of course the traveller must be prepared to be his own charioteer, and must take with him his own harness. He should also bring a light hunting whip from England, for nothing tolerable of that kind can be bought in Norway; and though the horses are usually spirited enough, they do occasionally require the *argumentum baculinum*.

To the splash-board should be affixed a

moveable leathern case, called a *flaske-fur*, capable of containing four or six bottles, which must be filled with wine, or cognac, at each large town. Behind the car is a small wooden seat, on which can be strapped a strong box, large enough to contain as many articles of the toilet as are required between the different resting-places; and on, or by the side of which the lad that takes back the horses, will be content to sit.

A gun can be slung in its case underneath; or occasionally be attached to the splash-board, ready for action: while the fishing rods, secured in very strong leather cases, may be strapped to each shaft. Between the feet, and in the diminutive car seat, is space for a few books, some strong rope, nails, &c., and such like indispensables: and a tin case for grease, dangling beneath, in the style of our country wagons, completes the Carriole's equipment. Of course, the servant's carriage will convey, at least, as much; or, instead of a Carriole, he may be

mounted in a kind of light tax cart, which is much more convenient for the baggage, though far worse for the horses.

So much of the tourist's comfort depends upon the ease and substantiality of his vehicle, that I should certainly recommend him to get it new, of the best quality, and from the best maker. I have chiefly dealt with a man of the name of Knudtsen, in Christiania, and have every reason to speak well of him. I have also bought other Carrioles at Drammen, which is the most celebrated place for their manufacture. If the traveller go to a respectable tradesman, and purchase a new carriage, he can scarcely do wrong at either town; if he attempt to cheapen a second-hand one, he may be taken in there, as elsewhere. The natives complain that the English have raised the price of Carrioles considerably. A good one can scarcely now be bought under thirty-five dollars, or seven pounds sterling: the harness and bottle-case will cost about three

pounds more. I have always found that on my return to Christiania, I could dispose of the whole readily for a little more than half what I had originally given; which, after the wear and tear of a four months' rattling over Norwegian roads, can scarcely be considered a heavy loss on so small an outlay.

The less luggage that a Norwegian tourist takes with him the better: if he have any heavier baggage than what can be conveyed in his own and servant's carriages, it must be despatched by the Forbud; that is, the peasant's cart, who precedes the traveller to order the horses he may require. The luggage will be perfectly safe in his care; only it is absolutely necessary that it should be protected with very strong cases, as it will be exposed to all sorts of weather, and the most tremendous jolting imaginable.

The commissariat department must not be neglected. The provisions necessary to be taken for the road, will, of course, much de-

pend upon the traveller's own tastes and habits. I should recommend him to take, in addition to a well-stocked *flaske-fur*, a little tea and sugar, with, perhaps, a few sausages, or a small ham; some maccaroni, or rice: they are all useful, and do not take up much space. But whoever attempts to explore the interior of Norway, must be prepared to submit to great privations in this respect. Indeed, except in the towns, he must not hope to meet with any thing beyond rye or barley bread, excellent butter and milk, potatoes, with occasionally fish, but never meat of any kind; unless by mere accident he may obtain some game.

Wheaten bread is never to be had, except in the largest towns, where it is made of flour imported from Denmark. Rye bread is more common: but the usual form under which farinaceous food appears in Norway is that of barley cakes, called here "flat bread." They are very similar in shape and appearance to the large, round oat cakes of the North of England,

and Scotland; but are generally thinner, and when well made are to my taste very palatable, especially with the delicious butter, in which Norway may compete with the whole world.

The only drinkables, (besides milk,) are a coarse, fiery spirit distilled from potatoes, and coffee; which latter I have frequently seen made in the humblest cottage, in a manner that would shame many of our most splendid hotels. This bill of fare will seem meagre enough to the *bon vivant*, but little more could be expected at the poor farm-houses, that usually perform the functions of inns on the road.

In the interior of Norway there are few villages, and no towns with the exception of Röraas and Kongsberg (which are supported by their respective mines) and Lillehammer, which the government has long tried to elevate into the dignity of a town, with very dubious success. The property being minutely subdivided by the law of succession, each man

builds upon and cultivates his own little plot of ground: and the habitations are consequently scattered over the entire face of the country. There are no manufactures to collect large masses together: and the only points, therefore, at which any considerable population congregates, are on the sea coast, where commerce affords the means of employment, and the ocean supplies the deficiency of the land.

At distances varying from five, to twelve or fourteen miles, along the main roads, one of these farm-houses is appointed by government to supply the post-horses that may be required: and which each farmer, within a circle not exceeding seven miles, is bound to furnish in rotation, on being called on by the Post-master. The latter receives the trifling sum of four skillings (or less than two-pence) for each horse so summoned. This splendid remuneration for a run, frequently of six or seven miles, is called "*tilsigelse-penge,*" or "calling-money;" and is

the only perquisite the innkeeper possesses, in addition to the trifling profits derived from the few travellers that may stop at his house. The rate of posting is sixteen skillings per horse, for each Norwegian mile, rather more than seven English. Cheap enough, it may be said, for posting: but when we consider that each single traveller must have a servant and Forbud, and thus pay for three horses, we shall not find the Norwegian mode of travelling so much cheaper than that of other countries, where there are public conveyances, by which double the distance can be performed, in the same time, with half the trouble.

In addition to thus furnishing post horses, the skydsskaffer, or gästgiver, as he is called, is obliged to supply both lodgings and food at a fixed price. But as there are extraordinarily few travellers, and the tariff is very low, his preparations for guests are not quite upon the scale of a Bath or Cheltenham hotel. There is always one room, and occasionally a second,

devoted to the reception of strangers; in which are usually a couple of wooden beds, or rather, cribs, of diminutive proportions, and most scanty supply of bed linen. There is rarely a proper mattrass; but generally a paillasse, stuffed with straw; or else, the sheets (of very insufficient dimensions) are laid upon hay; sometimes, sheep or cow-skins are added, to the great annoyance of any, but a very keen entomologist. To avoid such objectionable bed gear, I invariably took with me a pair of light blankets, which were easily stowed about the carriage, and contributed much to my comfort.

The furniture, except in the best of these houses, is very deficient; still more so the crockery and cutlery; while the stock of plate is comprised within a very small list of spoons. Nay, I remember one instance in which it dwindled down to *one*, which, moreover, my aged hostess vainly endeavoured to find, muttering all the while she was ransacking every

corner of an antique cupboard that stood in my room, "Well, I am sure, there was *a* spoon here—where can *the* spoon have got to, I wonder!" I was consequently obliged to drink my tea and eat my egg, without one. A very few days' travelling in Norway had taught me to dispense with an egg cup, such an article being never seen there: but though an egg may be safely held in the fingers, with a little dexterous management, a knife is, after all, a very bad substitute for a spoon, to extract its treasures. This reminds me that I should have added eggs to the occasional list of eatables: but they are very small, seldom completely filled, and of a poor flavour, in consequence as I suppose, of the insufficiency of food allowed the poor poultry.

Under the above circumstances, it could not be expected that the Norwegian farmer should keep ready any stock of perishable articles of food, with so little prospect of their being demanded, and with the certainty of their being

very indifferently paid for. Moreover, it is quite foreign to the habits of the country to eat meat in summer. November is, in their language, called "slaughter month;" because they then kill as many sheep and cows as the size of their herds will afford, and salt them for consumption during the winter: by which means they not only insure the keeping of the meat, but what is even more essential, they diminish the number to be supported in the stalls; a most momentous consideration in Norway, where for six or seven months there is no food for the poor creatures out of doors. During the summer months, the cattle feed and fatten on the mountain pastures, at little or no expense to their owners, who are so averse to stopping their growth at that season, that it is no easy matter in the interior to induce them to sell a lamb for the purposes of food: in their eyes it seems quite a crime to kill it at any other time than in November.

Norway is emphatically a country of wood.

Its vallies are clothed with forests throughout the whole length and breadth of the land; and every thing, from a church to a rope, is made entirely of wood. The houses are universally built of logs or trunks of large trees, notched at each end, and closely fitted together; the interstices being well stuffed with moss. The better rooms are lined with neatly planed transverse boards, as is also the ceiling: they are often extremely neat, the Norwegians being admirable carpenters and manipulators of wood in all forms.

Their houses are not more different in their material, than they are in their general arrangement, from ours. The several apartments, instead of being under one common roof, are portioned off into separate dwellings. That occupied by the family is usually distinct from the rooms destined for travellers, or visiters. The kitchen monopolizes another floor: then there are distinct apartments for the labourers, for the loom, &c.: and above all, there is

invariably attached to the poorest, as well as richest, bönder's residence, a store-house, supported upon pillars, to keep out the mice; whereto the housewifely matrons and daughters may be seen tripping, a hundred times a day, in all weathers, and returning laden with the dainties that are safely deposited there. Every farm-house has also its barn, which is entered by an inclined plane, broad enough to admit a cart with its load of hay: and besides the various other outbuildings, of divers designations, ample accommodation must necessarily be provided for the cattle that are entirely confined to them during the long dreary months of winter.

Hence a Norwegian farm-house resembles a hamlet more than the dwelling of a single family: and besides, as the size and appearance of his residence is a great subject of national pride, the bönder is fond of making yearly additions, as his family or means increase: a fancy, which the abundance of materials and

the peculiarity of Norwegian architecture, enable him easily to indulge. It might be expected that this style of building, combined with the usual bed-furniture in which sheep-skins and musty hay act a principal part, must afford a grand harbour for insects of the most noxious kinds. I must, however, confess, that although I have occasionally suffered more from their attacks in Norway, than in any country except Sicily, there were not in general so many studies for the entomologist, as I should have anticipated: the winged vermin were much more troublesome. Against them, or the prying curiosity of human intruders, there is no protection; the rooms being universally on the ground floor, with no curtains either to the bed or windows, and with several doors of communication.

Moreover, the store cupboard of the household is almost always in the principal room allotted to the stranger, which authorizes the hostess and all her belongings to enter at will:

a right of which they avail themselves with a freedom quite subversive of an Englishman's idea of the sanctity of his castle. Neither can I omit to mention, that wood is so good a conductor of sound, and the partitions are so thin, that all noises throughout the house are distinctly heard, to a degree that puts sleep out of the question, until use or fatigue have rendered the traveller invulnerable to all such annoyances.

But I will not frighten my reader by detailing any more of these domestic plagues. From what was before said of the Norwegian system of posting, it will be readily understood, that it is impossible to obtain horses at the different stations, without waiting a considerable time, unless they be previously ordered. This is done by means of a Forbud, which, in fact, is abolutely necessary in order to travel with any degree of comfort or expedition. Printed forms called "Forbud-sedler," can be obtained at all the towns; and are easily understood,

and filled up. The requisite number of these papers, mentioning the horses required, and the hours at which they must be ready, at the several stations, is committed to the first Post-master, by whom it is regularly transmitted through the intended line; each retaining only the paper addressed to himself. Whether the messenger walks or rides, he is paid for after the rate of a single horse: and very little extra being charged for a peasant's cart, the heavy baggage can be sent on by it, provided (let me repeat) it be packed and cased against very rough usage.

In making out the Forbud, not less than four hours per Norwegian mile must be allowed for its very dilatory progress. The Forbud travels indeed by night as well as by day: but it necessarily has to wait a long time at each station, especially in the night time; and as the driver receives no remuneration, beyond the tariff for his horse, and has no one to watch him, he cannot be expected to drive his own

beast very rapidly. I also consider that an hour and half per mile must be calculated for the traveller's own rate of going. I am well aware that many of my countrymen reckon upon accomplishing a Norwegian mile per hour; and where both horses and roads are good, it may very possibly be effected in one hour and a quarter. Still, taking the difference of horses, and the variety of roads into consideration, together with the delays in changing, I feel assured from a long experience, that the rate I have mentioned is as much as can be generally calculated on; with justice to all parties.

Indeed, nothing has contributed so much to injure the good feeling of the Norwegians towards the English, as the character they have acquired (not without foundation,) for furious driving. The Norwegian horse is hardy, active, good tempered, and sure footed: but like all the domesticated animals of this country, he is diminutive; and, being fed on

nothing but grass, of course, is incapable of great rates of speed. Yet, forgetting this, many of our countrymen will most unfeelingly flog the poor little ponies, as if they never had had a horse of their own, or a whip in their hand before: and the Norwegian being remarkably fond of his horse, this unjustifiable conduct leads to the most angry altercations, and lasting dislike. Surely it is more consonant to right feeling and justice, especially when one considers the trifle paid for the use of the farmer's horse, to start an hour sooner, or arrive an hour later, rather than inflict a serious injury on what is to him a most valuable animal; at the risk too not only of a personal quarrel, but of exciting a strong prejudice against one's country.

For the benefit of such travellers as are not swayed by motives like these, it is as well to mention that the Norwegian laws for the protection of the farmer are sufficiently severe. If upon arriving at the next station, he complain

of ill usage to himself or horse, his complaint must be examined into and decided, before the Post-master dare supply horses for the next stage. If the horse has been injured, the Post-master summons a jury of the neighbouring farmers, who assess the damage; and until that be paid, the traveller cannot proceed. He can, of course, appeal afterwards to a higher court; but few would encounter the trouble, with the very doubtful chance of a reversal of the verdict. Many of the Day-books show that this law is not altogether a dead letter in the case of Englishmen. At each station a Day-book is kept, in which the traveller is required to enter his name, date of arrival, destination, &c., together with any complaints he may have to make. This book is submitted every month to the Foged, or Amtmann; and strict cognizance is taken of all complaints, that are written in *the language of the country; but in that only:* so that it is often highly amusing to read long grievances stated in most eloquent English,

with a brief notification, in Norsk, to the above effect, appended.

I have mentioned how much smaller the horses are, than with us: their colours also, are not such as are the most common in England; bay, or brown, or black, being by no means so usual as dun, chesnut, or white. The cows bear a near resemblance to the Alderney breed, and are, likewise, very diminutive. Equally dwarfish are the sheep, which, both in size and shape, are not unlike those on the Island of Portland. The pigs are, without exception, the ugliest I have anywhere seen, being gaunt, long-legged, high-boned, bristly, and half-famished. I may add, that the little of their flesh I have tasted, did not belie their appearance.

In speaking of national characteristics, every one is guided in his opinion by the most marked individual examples, that come under his observation. I have heard considerable difference of opinion respecting the bodily and

mental qualities of the Norwegians. In my judgment, they are a remarkably fine peasantry, above the ordinary stature, good looking, strong and hardy. There is a decided improvement of appearance, as one advances Northwards; and beyond Trondhjem, especially in Naumdal, there is a very unusual proportion of female beauty.

Perhaps, it is not without justice, that the Norwegians are accused of slowness in their ideas, equally as in their corporal movements: and from their isolated position they are necessarily contracted, more, however, in their information than their mental capacity. They do not seem readily to comprehend any thing out of the sphere of their limited experience; and exhibit inordinate wonderment and admiration at every thing strange or new to them. On the other hand, they show considerable intelligence with respect to the things within their reach; and if not gifted with much original genius, are excellent followers and imi-

tators: of which, for example, they have given sufficient proof in the too great readiness with which they have copied the implements of Fly-fishing. They are patient, industrious; loyal, and brave; sincere lovers of truth, and of liberty; in the highest degree, hospitable towards strangers; and kindly affectioned towards each other. I scarcely ever saw two Norwegians quarrel together, even with words: and perfect strangers, when they meet on the road, invariably interchange a friendly salutation and remark.

I should say that they are a generally moral, but not a deeply religious people. I wish I could add, that I thought them exempt from the besetting sin of Northern nations: but though I did not meet with many habitual drunkards, very few, that possessed the means of indulgence, seemed able to resist the temptation of an idle Sabbath evening, or a christening, or a visit to the neighbouring town, or fair, to drink more than was good for them.

The neighbourhood of large towns exercises the same corrupting influence here, as elsewhere: and it is, indeed, sad to see the peasants returning with their empty carts from Christiania, or Trondhjem, in the worst state of intoxication. But in the interior, habitual drunkenness is rare: almost the only exceptions I remember, were two innkeepers of low caste.

On the whole, we may safely say that the good preponderates much over the evil in the Norwegian character. It is, moreover, what one so much likes to see, idiosyncratic; marked with well pronounced features of its own, not a bastard intermixture of all the bad, and a few of the good qualities of its neighbours, like the Belgian. The Norwegians pride themselves not only on their ancient connexion with, but also on their national resemblance to Englishmen: and doubtless, making due allowance for the immense difference of position and advantages of the two people, there is at bottom

a strong similarity, in most important particulars. Long may they sympathize with, and stand by each other! They are the sons of Liberty, and are bound by every tie of interest as well as feeling, to be her defenders.

CHAPTER III.

General character of Country: Mountains; Fosses; Vallies—Farms: Cultivation; Sætters, or Hill pasture; the Fjelder; or Mountain ranges—Fjords—Forests: Varieties of trees; Abundance of wood; Mode of felling and floating timber; Fruit trees; Wild fruits—Loveliness of summer nights—Mode of living and farming adapted to climate—Rapidity of vegetation—Incessant labour in summer; Repose in winter—No manufactures—Attachment to native country.

NORWAY may be described in general terms as a vast collection of mountains, disposed in clusters or chains, and divided by long deep vallies, through which the drainage of the country rushes in very large and very rapid rivers.

There is scarcely any level land to be seen from Lindesnæs to North Cape. In traversing the whole length of the country, the road, if not carried along a Fjord, or over a Mountain, almost invariably passes through noble vallies,

walled in by lofty rocks, dark with Scotch and spruce firs. Above them, rise the higher chains covered with perpetual snow: these are, however, seldom visible, though at no great distance, in consequence of the extreme narrowness and depth of the vallies.

I shall have occasion hereafter to allude more particularly to the formation of these mountains. I will only here remark, that they all belong to the older rocks, such as the Gneiss and Slate Families: and as might be expected from the well known hardness and irregular contortions of that class, they frequently form barriers across the course of the streams; thereby occasioning either Lakes, or waterfalls, called in Norway, Fosses. These Fosses are one of the most peculiar, as well as picturesque features of Norwegian scenery. Some of them, as the Vöring Foss, and the Rjukan Foss, are extremely high: but the greater number are not so remarkable for their height, as for their immense body of water, and the savage gran-

deur that accompanies them. They are usually environed on either side by abrupt rocks, that have evidently been worn and torn asunder by the long action of the torrent; while below them is a huge basin excavated by the same irresistible agent.

It is comparatively seldom that the large rivers fall perpendicularly: they more frequently sweep in a succession of tremendous waves over the opposing ledge, which generally presents a long, irregular inclined plane; or else tumble down it in a hundred broken cataracts. The splendid water-power afforded by the Norwegian Fosses has been by no means neglected. Wherever it is at all possible, Saw-mills are boldly projected into the very centre of the cataract, that threatens at each moment inevitably to annihilate them.

Often, also, (as for instance at Hönefoss, near Klekkan,) long wooden bridges are thrown across the face of the Fall, from rock to rock, with an effect scarcely conceivable. Standing

on the tottering planks, one sees high overhead a wide flood, of which our tame British rivers convey no idea, rushing down in foaming wrath, as if about, in the next moment, to carry away not only man's puny works, but the firm set barriers of nature. Broken and baffled by a thousand rocks, it angrily jostles by them; sweeps in whitened foam scarcely a foot beneath the frail fabric that vibrates to its fury; and dashing, bounding, roaring, casts its headlong waters into the seething caldron below; where they boil up again in endless eddies, whirling round and round with them enormous trunks of trees unable to escape the perpetual torment.

The principal Vallies are narrow in proportion to their length; varying from half a mile to at most two miles in width: when broader, they are generally occupied by Lakes. They are filled with a fine silt and gravel, derived from the attrition of the higher mountains, and deposited by water. This soil constitutes the

cultivated land of the interior; and is almost universally disposed in a succession of ascending terraces, which undeniably attest a corresponding succession of depressions of the water's level, produced in some instances, perhaps, by the elevation of the land, hereafter to be referred to, but oftener evidently by the bursting of the barriers already described as so frequently curbing the course of Norwegian rivers.

Upon these terraces are situated the Gaards, or Farm-houses, generally isolated from each other, but from consisting of the clusters of buildings, before mentioned, having each the appearance of a little hamlet. Immediately adjoining to the Gaard is usually the Hop-garden; rarely any other, for vegetables or fruit; and all round, wherever the soil and lay of the ground permit, are unenclosed patches of rye, and barley, and potatoes. Behind the cultivated land, the hills, or more properly rocks, rise steeply, clothed with dark pines, intermixed with birch, and alder, and occasional mountain-

ash. Not unfrequently they are so precipitous, that not even these hardy trees can cast anchor; but instead, streams fed by the melting snows above, trickle down their naked faces. Ever and anon they are rent asunder by lateral ravines, down which roars a torrent, whose wild, unruly waters are taught to turn the rude mill usually attached to each Gaard. Wherever a patch of soil can be won from the barren acclivity, there is often seen a green little nook of potatoes and barley, smiling cheerily amid the gloomy forest, with a humble log-hut, belonging to the Hausmand, or labourer on the farm below.

Ascending from the valley, we soon come to the limits within which trees can grow in these Northern latitudes. Their region is succeeded by the district of mountain pasture, which is of essential importance to the Norwegian, as it alone enables him to support his cattle during the summer months. Each farmer has a certain extent of hill pasture, generally from five

to fifteen miles distant from his Gaard; where he keeps an establishment, called in Norsk, a "Sætter," exactly similar to the Swiss Chalets. Above, and intermixed with this district, rise the mountains covered with perpetual snow, the inexhaustible feeders of Norge's thousand streams, the summer home of the Reindeer, the Bear, and the Elk.

It will be readily conceived that a country such as this must contain much grandeur, if not sublimity; and such is undoubtedly the case, although I must once for all confess that in all my wanderings through Norway, I have seen nothing to equal the unapproachable majesty of the Swiss Alps. Indeed, the Tourist, who has not penetrated into the Province of Bergen, or Romsdalen, will be almost inclined to decide that beauty, rather than sublimity, is the character of Norwegian scenery. He cannot, indeed, help often meeting with scenes of striking loneliness, and desolate grandeur: but if he follow only the usual track through

Gulbrandsdal, and Hedemark, he will still oftener be greeted with pictures of unexpected softness and loveliness, decked in all the brief, but delicious charms of a Northern summer. Not only along the lovely shores of southern Christiania's Fjord, but even of Hyperborean Trondhjem, or of Mjösen's Lake, I have enjoyed a thousand scenes of placid, tranquil beauty, and harmonious combinations, for which, I own, I was not prepared: while on the other hand, the much talked of passage of the Dovre Fjeld, though in full view of Sneehættan, will scarcely impress an Alpine traveller with an overwhelming idea of the sublimity of Norwegian Mountains.

Sneehættan was until within these few years acknowledged to be the loftiest ground in Northern Europe; but it has lately been ascertained that the highest point of the Hurungarne Mountains exceeds it by a few feet: each is a little under 8000 feet above the sea. The highest mountains are confined within a dis-

trict stretching irregularly to the South-west of the Dovre Fjeld: to the North and South-east they sink very considerably.

The shores of the Bothnian Gulf are very flat, but rise towards the chain of the Kjölen, which separates Sweden from Norway. The Kjölen range cannot, however, boast either grandeur, or loftiness, except in isolated points: and in the few portions of it where the snow lies throughout the year, it is rather in patches, than in continuous tracts, of any extent. This is also the general character of the mountains north of the Dovre Fjeld: and hence these two elevated districts form the summer feeding ground of the migratory Laplanders, for their domesticated Reindeer. The "Shore Lapps" remain tolerably stationary in the extreme north, during the whole year; but the Nomadic Lapps, that possess Reindeer, feed their herds in the summer, along certain tracts of high lands, from Cape North, down nearly to Röraas.

But in the district which lies principally to the west of the great Valley of the Mjösen, the Mountains rise to a far greater elevation; presenting infinitely sterner and finer features: and containing within their extensive range connected fields of eternal snow, trodden only by the wild Reindeer, or the adventurous hunter. Where these mountains meet the Western sea, in the Province of Bergen, they exhibit the grandest and most peculiar scenery in Northern Europe. They bate nothing of their majestic height as they approach the ocean; and at these latitudes are covered far down their huge sides with deep snow. Their forms are extremely wild and abrupt; and most singularly, they are so disposed as to allow Fjords, or narrow arms of the sea, to wind within their recesses, fifty, or one hundred miles from the line of coast.

The Western coast is further guarded by a conformable range of Islands, the northernmost of which, the Loffoden, are a celebrated fishing

station: while more than one hundred miles out to the Westward is a bank of sunken rocks, equally well known to fishermen, which is said not only to preserve the general parallel, but even to follow the most marked details of the coast.

In the Southern portions of Norway, nearly the same Forest trees grow, as with us; and in favourable situations, near the sea, even attain considerable size; although the most southerly point, Lindesnæs, is scarcely more than half a degree to the south of John o'Groat's. The beech is found about Christiansand, and Laurvig; but I believe not so far North as Christiania; where, however, oak, and ash, and chesnuts, and limes, &c., thrive well. The common elm is not, I think, very abundant, though usually mentioned in the catalogue of Norwegian trees; I have, however, seen remarkably fine Scotch elms a few miles beyond Steenkjær, in latitude 64°, or within 2½ degrees of the Arctic circle.

Vegetation evidently depends upon many

conditions, besides latitude, some of which to our ignorance seem to be arbitrary; as being apparently unconnected with either aspect or soil. Steenkjær, and Molde, are the two most celebrated spots for the growth of trees that will not thrive in intermediate places. The oak ceases to be common soon after you leave Christiania; as does also that valuable tree, the ash: notwithstanding both may be occasionally seen in a stunted form much further north. The aspen and the alder thrive well, as far north as I have penetrated: and the mountain ash grows both luxuriantly and abundantly in certain spots along the Namsen, in nearly lat. 65°.

But at any distance from the coast, and at any even trifling height above the sea, these forest trees cease almost entirely; and their places are monopolized by the Pine family, and the Birch. The two species of the former found here, are the *furu*, or Scotch fir, and the *gran*, or spruce. I have never been able

to satisfy myself which is the hardiest of these two, as sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, is seen occupying the highest elevations. Their growth appears to be influenced by causes, for which I could obtain no rational solution; whole districts being covered with the fir, where the spruce will not grow, and *vice versâ*. On the whole, however, I should be inclined to conclude from the information I obtained, that the spruce generally thrives at a higher level above the sea, but the Scotch fir in a more Northern latitude.

The Pine Forests constitute a very distinguishing feature of Norwegian scenery. They universally clothe the sides and summits of the hills, as far as the climate allows them to reach; and strike their tortuous roots into every crevice of rock, where the least soil can be found. Often are they seen, as if in defiance of the storm and torrent, anchored by Nature's hand in some bare projecting crag, or on some islet in the very centre of the cata-

ract, where no art of man could possibly induce them to exist. And to my taste, this strange boldness of position combines admirably with their tall majestic forms, and impenetrably dark shades, to suit them for the peculiar character of the wild landscapes they adorn. It is not until the eye has become tired by constant repetition, that one begins to complain of the real stiffness of their forms, and the monotony of their colours; whereof we are first made sensibly aware, by the exquisite pleasure, with which on our return we gaze on the more graceful outlines, and the more refreshing verdure of our own forests.

I saw many fine trees during my Tour, but none of such extraordinary dimensions as to induce me to measure them: unless I was deceived by the scale of the surrounding scenery I observed no Firs much larger than what I have seen in Great Britain. Indeed, on the exposed mountains, and rocky soil of Norway, they by no means attain so great a height, as

in the congenial sands, and along the protected shores of the Baltic. On the other hand, their growth being slower, the texture is closer, and the timber more valuable: it is even said, that there is a very decided superiority in the timber cut on the Northern face, over that of the Southern side of the same mountain. Near the main lines of communication the trees are scarcely ever seen of any considerable size, since they are invariably cut down as soon as they will remunerate the labour and the carriage. In the interior they are of comparatively little value: every one cuts what he requires for his house, or fuel, or other purposes; and the rest are left to rot where old age, or the storm has laid them.

It is well, indeed, for the inhabitants of these Northern climes that they have such an abundance of wood; for there being no coal, the country would be otherwise untenable for man during the long winter. Besides, not only is it so universally employed in the construction

of houses, that I question if there are fifty in the whole country, built entirely or chiefly, of any other material (and those only in the largest towns, and of recent date); but it is also used for a thousand purposes, for which one who has not visited Norway would hardly think it could be made available. By a dexterous manipulation it is rendered the universal substitute for ropes: the rowlocks of the boat, tethers of the animals, springs for closing gates, and innumerable other things, are formed of it: and I have even seen light poles used as stays for the masts of the sailing Vessels on the Mjösen. Then the felling, and sawing, and transmission down the streams, of such wood as is employed in commerce, afford a very considerable source of employment to a large portion of the natives.

The "*Travels of a Norway deal,*" before it reaches its destination, would astonish many that unthinkingly tread upon it, in a London floor. Felled perhaps in the primæval forests

of central Norway, the trunk is dragged over the hardened snow in the following winter to the nearest stream; in readiness to be floated down, as soon as returning Spring unbinds the waters from their frozen sleep. Then down many a foaming cataract, across many a torpid lake, along many a tributary river, must it be conveyed into the Götha or the Glommen; to be finally floated into the timber yards of Christiania, or Drammen, or Göthenborg.

It is usual for the principal merchants of those towns to hire from the proprietors in the interior, the privilege of cutting trees in the forests the best suited for their purpose, at the rate of about two shillings for each dozen; besides paying for the labour. They are marked, and sent down in the manner described: and at different stations of their route, there are persons appointed by the respective merchants to assist them over the different obstacles they have to encounter. These men may often be seen, when the rivers are in flood

from the melting of the snows, with long hooked poles in their hands, directing the timber over the Fosses, and along the tortuous channels: their labour is severe, and they are usually paid one mark (or ten-pence) a day, without victuals; or half a mark, if provided with food. Few labourers are paid so well in Norway, except during the height of harvest.

On such rivers as are very wild, and have many falls in their course, the logs are necesarily cut shorter than on the more tranquil streams of the Baltic; which acts greatly to the disadvantage of the Norwegian trade. The most expensive impediments are the numerous lakes; across which they are generally floated on a rude raft, with a still ruder sail, or not unfrequently with a leafy birch tree as its substitute: on the more extensive lakes, such as L. Wenern, the merchants employ their own vessels to tow them across; and in the Tyri Fjord there is even a steam-tug. Steamers are also about to be introduced on the

Mjösen. All these obstacles cause so much delay, that many of the trees do not reach their destination at Christiania, or Göthenborg, before the third summer after being felled.

While speaking about trees, I must not omit briefly to mention that Fruit trees, no less than Forest trees, evince a predilection for Scandinavia, over the corresponding latitude of our Island. All the common fruits thrive remarkably well, not only at Christiania, but much further North: and I have even seen apricots and plums ripened in the open air. Many excellent, and some peculiar, kinds of apples and pears flourish throughout Southern Norway; whereas I remember to have been shown as the tenth wonder of the world, an apple that had obtained a crab-like degree of maturity, in a sheltered garden near Cape Wrath, at least a degree South of Christiania.

Our gooseberries, currants, and raspberries are found wild in all suitable situations. The latter, as also the mountain strawberries, are

as finely flavoured as any I ever ate. There are also many other wild fruits, such as the cranberry, bilberry, cloudberry, and other similar fruits found on our moorlands. But deservedly the most celebrated is the Moltebær (*chamæmorus arcticus*, or Northern ground mulberry). It is a low shrub, fond of a marshy soil, with a large dark raspberry-shaped leaf, and its fruit not unlike that of the mulberry, but of a rich golden yellow colour, tinged with pink that fades as it ripens. Its flavour is peculiar and delicious; and in my opinion is heightened by the addition of sugar and cream, or by some of those confectionary secrets, which the matrons of the North so well understand, and which our grandmothers did not despise. I believe this pleasant fruit is not found in Scotland, or the Orkneys; nor even in the Shetland Islands.

The difference between the vegetation of Norway, and of Scotland, is, indeed, very remarkable; and cannot help striking the most

cursory observer. In some respects, it may depend on causes beyond our ken: at the same time much of the former's apparent superiority may be explained by considerations derived from its very excess of Northern latitude. The Norwegian winter is long and severe: but then many seeds do not require to be sown until the spring; while many plants and trees are so protected by nature, as to suffer little from cold, during a period of suspended germination, similar to the hybernation of animals in the same climate.

Again, the Summer is, alas! very brief, if we reckon the number of days from the last of the previous, to the first frost of the succeeding winter: for we cannot talk of springs or autumns in this latitude. But, then, each day may be almost counted as double, since for three months the sun shines uninterruptedly, with oblique, but still very powerful rays upon the earth, which thus has scarcely any time to cool. This, added to the fact, that the energies

of vegetation have never been weakened by the occasional deceptive warmth of our winters, and perhaps also to the fertilizing effects of thawing snow, causes a rapidity of growth that is quite startling. It seems as if the seeds are scarcely put in the ground, (only just cleared of snow) when their green shoots begin to appear: in a few days they have attained a considerable height: in a few weeks they are ready for the sickle. On revisiting a place after the lapse of a fortnight, during the height of a Northern summer, it is difficult to believe it to be the same spot, so totally are the features of the cultivated parts changed, in what appears so brief a period.

It is to this circumstance of its lying dormant and protected during the winter, and requiring, only for a short time, a greater degree of warmth than even the North of England can supply, that I am inclined to attribute the fact of the Hop being found, as I have seen it thriving, very nearly as far North as lat. 65°. However,

it will soon be decided whether the Norwegian Hop be, as it has been supposed, a different and hardier species, as I brought a good many roots home with me, which have been planted in Scotland.

If I may judge by my own experience, I should say there are few circumstances connected with a Scandinavian Tour, that afford deeper enjoyment, not unmixed with surprise, than the exquisite beauty of the short summer nights. It has been beautifully said by one of their native Poets, that, "At Midsummer, on Norway's hills, the blush of Morning kisses the blush of Evening:" and so slight is the interval at this season between the fading of the setting sun's rays a trifle to the West of North, and the rapid reappearance of his orient beams, as little to the East of that point, that this pause between the two sweetest periods of the day might be compared to the balmy breath that parts the coral lips of the sleeping infant.

Those few brief hours are, indeed, surprisingly

lovely in the further North; I say in the further North, for it is not until the Dovre Fjeld is crossed, that their full charm can be felt. On the Southern side of the Dovre Chain, the nights are only shorter and lighter than those of the Scottish Highlands: when that barrier is passed, they seem to assume an entirely new character. There, at that season, the course of the sun is so oblique to the plane of the horizon, that while he never rises high in the zenith, he also never sinks far beneath view. Unlike, therefore, "the set of Tropic Sun, who sudden sinks, and all is night," the glorious orb, for some time before and after the summer solstice, remains so few degrees below the horizon, that the refraction of its rays preserves a perpetual twilight: how holier, sweeter far than garish day, and yet how different from our own Midsummer nights, sweet though they be! The light is strong enough to enable one to read or write in the interior of a room: and stars even of the first

magnitude are invisible. Yet is it a chastened mellow, light; not casting strong shadows, but throwing a golden mantle of tranquil repose over every object it touches, and beautifies.

It is impossible to describe the peculiar effect it produces not only upon the eternal snows of Sneehættan, or, "the Pine forest's immemorial shade," or the silvery cataract's ceaseless turmoil; but still more upon a sleeping city, like Trondhjem. The buildings lie so palpably stretched before the eye, yet so harmoniously blended together, their picturesque points heightened, their harsher defects softened down; the vast Fjord expanding distinctly without a wave or ripple to the feet of the distant blue mountains; the boats rocking idly by the shore; the scenes of labour silent as the grave; all the records of Nature and of man so perceptible, yet so still: it needs but to follow the musings of the imagination to fancy oneself alone in a new world, or realizing the conceptions our childhood formed of Fairyland.

However dreamy such fancies may appear to others, not conversant with these latitudes, they portray but faintly the emotions I have felt on those lovely Northern nights, which are classed in my memory of memories with the delicious evenings of Naples and Baiæ.

It is a necessary, but striking consequence of this perpetual light, that the Traveller's arrangements, as to his journey, or repose, are totally independent of the considerations that would guide him elsewhere. Midday being as favourable for sleep as midnight, and the latter being as well adapted for travelling as the former, he is entirely governed by his own convenience, or powers of endurance. Not only the Tourist, but also the Farmer, often finds it advisable to rest during the sultry part of the day, on account as well of the heat as of the flies, that torment the poor horses to death; and to work at night.

It is very interesting to witness the modifications which the peculiarities of the climate

have produced upon the condition, the habits, the national character of the Norwegian. His summer is, indeed, no season of repose. The period is so short within which the crops must be put into the ground, must come to maturity, be reaped, and secured, as well as provision be made for the maintenance of his stock during six or seven winter months, that he cannot afford to be idle for a single day. His rye is sown early in November; in which month he also kills and salts a certain number of sheep and cows, according to the size of his herds, and family; and thus prepares for the long season, during which no out-door work can be done, except felling trees in the forest, and bringing heavy loads over the frozen snow. He has, therefore, plenty of time to attend to his cattle, which must be entirely fed in-doors, the whole of these dreary months, when every trace of vegetation is hidden under several feet of snow.

This is also the season for making and

mending all articles of personal and domestic requirement. There are no public manufactures in Norway; neither are they required, as each family supplies all its own wants, with the sole exception of articles of colonial produce. Of course every thing on this system is necessarily made badly, and at an inordinate expense of labour in comparison with machinery: but then, that labour, costs nothing, since it could not be otherwise devoted; and the employment is evidently beneficial in many ways.

In every house there is a loom, and working room; of which the sleepy Traveller is too often reminded early and late, by the incessant annoyance of its monotonous, jarring rattle. Every operation, from the production of the raw material, to the last stage of its manufacture, is performed at home. The women dress the flax of their own fields, and the wool of their own flocks, and spin it, and dye it, and weave it: transforming it afterwards into those substantial articles of clothing, which are more

suitable to a Norwegian climate, than the elegant inventions of a Parisian milliner. Neither are the men idle. Every Bönder (for so the peasant proprietors, or yeomen, are called) is a tolerable shoemaker and tailor, and an excellent carpenter. Their houses, both internally and externally, are universally made and fitted up by themselves, with great skill and neatness.

The Winter, however, is not a season of unmitigated labour: if ever the Norwegian enjoys any relaxation, it is then. The period about Christmas especially is the great time for merry-making, which too often, I fear, degenerates into intemperance. And thus they pass the depth of winter.

At last the sun begins to peep for a few minutes, and then for an hour or two, above a well known hill, on a certain well remembered day—and how joyful must that sight appear! In these deep valleys, the sun is not visible unless it attain a very considerable altitude

above the horizon: I know Gaards, to the North of Trondhjem, which do not obtain a glimpse of him for fifteen weeks. Then soon the snows begin to melt, and the rivers to flood, and the green grass to appear; and man and beast are called forth from their long confinement, as into a fresh world.

There is now no time to be lost: for here most truly does "Winter lingering chill the lap of May;" and before the end of August frosts may be expected, which are often severe enough to destroy all the hopes of the husbandman. The whole process of cultivation must, therefore, be compressed into an inconceivably short time: but so rapid is Northern vegetation, from the causes I have above mentioned, that no fear need be entertained that the crops will not ripen, unless they be nipped by the much dreaded early frosts, which, for the last five or six years, have been deplorably prevalent in the Northern Provinces, and have occasioned incalculable distress.

A trifling quantity of wheat is grown in the South, and I have seen a few patches of it even near Trondhjem; but the chief part of the wheat that is consumed, is imported from Denmark. Rye is a general crop; and the species of barley, called *bear*, is universal; as are also potatoes. Fifty years ago this useful vegetable was almost unknown; but large fields of it are now to be seen on every farm, nearly as far as the North Cape, thriving remarkably well. A little flax, and a few hops, with still fewer *kohl rabi*, are the only other crops of any consequence cultivated in the interior.

They must all, of course, be put into the ground immediately that it is fit to receive them. Besides which, there is mill-work, (the streams being then all full from the melting of the snows,) and other employment about the farm, sufficient to occupy all their leisure, until the hay harvest begins. The cattle, as soon as they are released from their long confinement, graze at first round about the

Gaard; but as early in June as the snow begins to disappear from the higher grounds, they are despatched to the upland district of the Sætters, before described.

Where that important appendage to a Norwegian Farm is distant, and possesses an ample range, the herds are left there the whole summer, under the care of the most useless women and children, attended by faithful dogs: but where the Sætter is near, or confined in extent, they occasionally come down for a fortnight to allow the grass to grow again.

As soon as the hay harvest begins (usually in the North from the 10th to 15th of July) there is no cessation of labour until winter. I never saw people work harder than the Norwegians do at this season. Labourers for hire are very scarce, and the poverty of the Bönder rarely allows him to employ any: consequently, each member of the family that has the least strength whatever, is compelled to toil to the utmost extent of that strength. Every day the weather

permits, they "*slay* grass," as they call it, turn it over, and house it in log huts built for the purpose, in what we should consider a very green state. They never at this season work less than sixteen hours, and often more; taking four or five hours rest in the night time, and a couple of hours during the day. Their hay ground (for I cannot call it meadows) consists of little patches, sometimes interspersed among the corn lands, or upon slopes where the plough cannot reach; or of a few roods along the river; or of upland glades in the depth of the Forests, where the reaping hook only, and not the scythe, can be used. Hence the labour required is very disproportionate to the quantity secured: and there is consequently, as I said, no time for repose.

The last hay is rarely housed before the corn is ready for the sickle: and if they are fortunate enough to secure this, and dig up their potatoes, uninjured, they must immediately put the plough in requisition, and sow

their rye, before the impending snow and frost throw all field operations out of question, and consign them to their long winter's repose. Any spare time that they may have is fully occupied in stripping the trees of their leaves, and in making bundles of the more tender branches, to assist in supporting the cattle in winter. Artificial food being unknown, and the period being so long during which nothing whatever to eat can be got out of doors, every thing is made use of, that is in the slightest degree calculated to keep life in the poor animals: and miserable enough do they turn out from their protracted imprisonment; but they soon fatten after they reach the Sætter.

What wonder then is it, if we consider such a scene of unmitigated toil, that when one condoles with the Norwegian Peasant over his tedious, dreary winter, he should almost invariably reply, It is the happiest season of the year! With him it is the season not only of feasting and social enjoyment, but of a cessa-

tion from labour carried to the utmost powers of endurance. Clad in his impenetrable furs, in the clear bracing air of his Northern climate, and lighted by the coruscations of the Northern skies, he envies not the dubious light, and raw cold of our winter days; but thanks Providence for blessing him with so much happier a season.

CHAPTER IV.

Different routes: Tellemarken, Bergen, Romsdalen; to Trondhjem, by Hedemarken and Röraas, by Guldbrandsdalen and the Dovre Fjeld—Money to be taken—Language—Horses—Roads—Ironworks of Bärum—Krogkleven—Geology—Splendid prospect—Ringeriget—First introduction to Norwegian Fare—Excursion to Kongsberg—Hönefoss—Tyri Fjord—Excellence of Ferries—Cobalt Works and Serpentine at Modum—Falls at Hougsund—Costume of Peasants—Traveller's delays—A Midnight Walk—Kongsberg—Silver Mines—Ambuscade for a Bear—Night in the Forest—Lake Mjösen—Guldbrandsdal—Pass of Kringelen, and Slaughter of Colonel Sinclair and his Highlandérs—Laurgaard—A Bivouac on Rundene, to shoot Wild Reindeer—The Sætter Life—Splendour of Mountain Views—An Escape—A bad Shot—The Dovre Fjeld—Jerkin—Angling—Botany—Sneehættan—Kongsvold—The Vaar-stieg—Peasants travelling—Vale of the Guul—First view of Trondhjem—Mme. Homberg, and Louis Philippe.

I TRUST that the preceding sketch may give the Tourist, who takes these volumes as his guide, a general idea of what he has to expect; and that

he will now be better prepared to accompany me into the interior. His course must depend very much upon his time, and his objects. As to the former, he ought to be at Christiania by the very beginning of June, ready to take advantage of the first settled weather. As to the latter, if he be in search of the picturesque, his points will be Tellemarken and the Gousta Fjeld; Bergen, Hardanger Fjord, and the Fille Fjeld; Romsdalen, Dovre Fjeld, and Trondhjem. It is difficult to attain all these objects in a single summer; but if he make no delay anywhere, it is perhaps just feasible to accomplish them. If, on the other hand, my reader be a brother of the Gentle Art, he will either try the Southern rivers at Laurvig and Christiansand, and the Mandal, &c., or else will steer at once for my favourite, in the extreme North, the Namsen, the king of Salmon Rivers.

At any rate, most travellers who have time, will visit Trondhjem in the course of their

tour; and I shall therefore first describe the best routes to it. There are two principal routes: one through Hedemarken, and by Röraas; the other through Guldbrandsdalen, and over the Dovre Fjeld. However as the first, though occasionally fine, is on the whole by no means so interesting a road as the other, (unless the Tourist's object be to shoot an elk, or to visit the Copper mines,) I should advise him to proceed to Trondhjem through Ringeriget, by the Western side of Mjösen, and across the Dovre Fjeld; returning by Molde, Romsdalen, and the Eastern shore of Lake Mjösen.

Before starting, it will be necessary to lay in a good supply of small money, since change can rarely be obtained on the road. The circulation of Norway may be said to be confined to paper; so much so that I have never seen any coin, except as a curiosity: the standard is silver, in bars. The notes are neatly executed, and conveniently divided; consisting of dalers, (containing five marks, and

equal to about four shillings English) half dalers, and marks, which contain twenty-four skillings. There are of course larger notes; but the Tourist will not find those of higher amount than five and ten dollars of the least use in paying his travelling expenses. Then, he should have a well-filled bag of the smaller coin, one, two, and four skilling-pieces, made of mixed metal. And as a final addition to the preparatives already mentioned, I should advise him to take a parcel of the printed forms for the Forbud, the best maps he can procure, and a Norsk Grammar, or Vocabulary.

The language is so easy to an Englishman, that there is no excuse for his not learning at least the names of the only dozen articles, which there is any chance of obtaining at a Norwegian inn: but if he have the opportunity of making still further progress, he will be amply recompensed for the time and trouble bestowed, by the infinitely increased comfort and advantage of his Tour. I have mentioned

that English is very generally spoken in the towns, all of which are situated on the sea coast: but in the interior no foreign language will be understood, except German; and that only by the Clergy, Medical, and Official men. Therefore, in order to travel with any degree of comfort it is absolutely necessary, that the master or man should have a tolerable acquaintance with the language of the country.

Having then duly despatched the Forbud to Klekkan, paid the bill, and received Mr. Schölter's last bow, we steer as dexterously as we may through the awkward passage from the Court-yard, and soon emerging from the ill-paved streets of Christiania, take the road to Jonserud, along the lovely shores of the Fjord.

Probably the best charioteer will feel a little nervous at the thought of being about to drive some two or three hundred strange horses, over strange roads, through so wild a country as he has understood Norway to be. At least,

such I confess, was my first feeling; but I rapidly got over it: and as I soon discovered what good-tempered, and sure-footed creatures the Norsk ponies are, and seldom met with any serious mishap, I latterly took great pleasure in managing them. By strictly following my own advice to drive temperately, I insured the good will of the peasants: and if any unexpected difficulty occurred, a nondescript sound, which the Traveller must do his best to acquire, stopped the quiet little animals at once; and in a moment we were able to jump off to their assistance.

The first day's journey is hardly calculated to diminish any apprehensions the stranger may have formed. The roads round Christiania are abominably kept; and there are parts of the two first stages sufficiently precipitous to alarm the Tourist who is not yet accustomed to their *belles horreurs*. However, as he advances, he will find the roads improve, the materials being better, the bottom firmer, and less injured by

traffic. They are entirely maintained by the peasants, a number of ells, proportioned to its size, being assigned to each farm, and marked along the road-side by small wooden posts. The law enjoins that they should be put into thorough repair immediately after the spring ploughing is finished; but it is not very strictly enforced. And as the *repairs* consist of little more than throwing earth and sand into the lesser holes, and big stones with fir branches into the deeper, they cannot be expected to stand much traffic, or continued rains. In fine weather, and with a light carriage, they are passable enough.

But the most annoying circumstance connected with them (next to bridges being carried away, and such like accidents) is the extremely bad line the Norwegian roads universally follow. In order to avoid injuring a little patch of tolerable soil, or to escape the least labour of cutting or blasting, they are carried up and down the most tremendous hills: and where

that excellent guide in a mountain country, water, plainly points the best course, the Northern MacAdams often perversely prefer going out of their way, to scale unnecessary precipices, as if merely to try the nerves and patience of the traveller. I have frequently been inclined to think there was as much truth, as humour, in the explanation given me by one of the most intelligent of Norway's sons; "How," said he, "could you expect it to be otherwise? The first road maker in our country was the goat, who naturally always takes the highest ground. His track was followed by the cattle: theirs by man, first on foot, in passing from one Gaard to another, and next on horseback: and last of all, when carriages were introduced, the original track was only a little levelled, and a little widened! How could you possibly expect it to be any better?"

Some three or four miles after leaving Christiania, the road turning sharply to the right,

at once commences to ascend the mountains, which form so marked a feature in the prospects round the Capital; and soon enters a much wilder and very romantic district. The mountains are composed chiefly of the porphyry happily named Rhomboidal by Von Buch, from the shape of its felspathic crystals; and have the abrupt broken character belonging to that rock. In a picturesque Valley, embosomed in them, are situated the Iron works of Bärum, belonging to the Viceroy, Count Wedel Jarlsberg, and managed by one of his sons, with whom I had the advantage of inspecting the establishment. It is not exactly on the scale of Merthyr Tydvil; but appears well arranged, and well conducted, and capable of considerable extension. A large proportion of the stoves used in Norway are made here: the ore comes from Skeen and Arendal, and contains on an average about thirty per cent of metal, with enough lime in it to act as a flux.

Something less than thirty miles from Chris-

tiania, we come to the celebrated pass of Krogkleven, an extraordinary fissure in the wall of porphyritic rock, down which the road passes at as steep an angle as is well practicable to carriages. It is a spot well known to Geologists. About half way down a reddish sandstone is seen, apparently underlying the porphyry; but it is evident that the latter has burst through, and partially overflowed the other, in a manner common to plutonic rocks. It is very interesting to observe the modifications mutually produced on each other at the point of junction: the rhomboidal crystals disappear from the porphyry; and the sandstone, which at a little distance is finegrained, becomes there charged with rounded quartz pebbles.

Krogkleven is however even yet more renowned for the glorious prospect obtained from the heights that crown it on either side. On his way to the South-western "Look out" (much the finest) the Geologist will remark several blocks of red sandstone lying on the

porphyry, which have every appearance of having been borne up by the rushing torrent of volcanic matter. The view from the summit unites the elements of grandeur and beauty in an eminent degree. You stand on the brink of a lofty wall of rock, the termination of the porphyritic range. Immediately below, at a depth of many hundred feet, lies an extensive and fertile plain, once the domain of an ancient chief whose name it still bears, Ringeriget, or "the kingdom of Ringe." The foreground is occupied by a considerable sheet of water, called the Tyri Fjord; while in the distance is just distinguished the silvery foam of the Hönefoss, a noble Fall on the river that feeds the Lake. The view is closed by numerous mountains, capped with snow, which when I saw it, looked little able to withstand the action of twenty hours' continued sunshine.

Unfortunately, the outline of the mountain ranges is too tame; and their glaciers want the depth and intensity of the everlasting snows of

Switzerland. These patches appear nothing more than the traces of the last winter, not yet effaced; whereas the frozen honours of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau are associated in our minds with the ages that have elapsed since the dawn of creation. However, it is undoubtedly a very fine prospect, with which no one would feel disappointment, if it were not, from its vicinity to the capital, perhaps, a little over-rated. The lover of the sublime and beautiful need not fear but that he will meet with many a nobler scene than this, in the course of his Tour.

Hönefoss should certainly be visited: it lies but a short distance from the road, and is an excellent specimen of the Norwegian Falls, I before attempted to characterise. There is also said to be good angling, late in the season: earlier, the rivers are too full of snow water. The traveller can sleep either at Hönefoss or at Klekkan: at both places he will find good accommodation.

If his object be to reach Trondhjem, and his time be limited, he must at once proceed Northwards: but in case he have sufficient leisure, or wish to see Tellemarken, he will make a circuit from this point to Kongsberg; whence he will either cross the mountains to Gousta Fjeld, or return by Drammen to Christiania, according to the Tour he may have chalked out for himself. On my first visit to Norway, I adopted the latter line; and the interest of the objects it presents, added perhaps to the charm of its being the first excursion I made in the country, rendered it so delightful, that I feel strongly inclined to advise my countrymen to endeavour to comprise it within their tour. They might easily accomplish it, by reversing my route; that is, by going from Christiania, through Drammen, to Kongsberg; and thence Northwards by the Tyri Fjord, to Klekkan, &c.

After thoroughly examining Krogkleven, I dined at Sundvoll, a small inn at the foot of

the Pass. It was my first introduction to Norwegian fare, outside the capital: and it gave me a very unpleasant foretaste of what I was to expect in the remoter districts. Here at a point of great resort, scarcely thirty miles from Christiania, and after giving three or four hours' notice, I could obtain nothing but a plate of insipid grayling, and a cake of fried eggs, with some hard, stringy, ill-flavoured bacon: the potatoes were scanty and bad; and I had not yet become accustomed to the sour rye bread. To wash down this indifferent dinner, there was only one bottle of wine in the house: it was labelled "Padus," a name I never heard of before or since; and reminded me of Tavel wine, of which most visiters to Switzerland will probably retain a disagreeable reminiscence.

I slept that night at the village close to the Falls of Hönefoss, which I greatly admired as well under the brilliant effect of the morning sun, as by the milder evening's light. There are many grander, many much loftier Falls:

but I know none more thoroughly Norwegian. It forms, if I may so say, a long inclined plane of broken water, with rocks irregularly protruding in the midst. On these so many sawmills are built, as to look like a little village floating on the wild torrent. The breadth of the river, and the body of the water, are very great: and across the very centre of the Fall, a long bridge of planks, scarcely raised above the rushing flood, offers an apparently very insecure passage to carriages as well as pedestrians. In autumn, there is said to be very good fishing in this river, and in the Rauna, which joins it just below Hönefoss: Trout from twenty to thirty pounds in weight come up to the Falls, from Tyri Fjord, at the approach of the spawning season. When I was there in early June, the water was too discoloured to afford any chance with the fly: and though, on my way to Kongsberg, I took a boat the whole length of the Lake, for the purpose of trying the troll, I had no success whatever.

The scenery of the Tyri Fjord is pretty and pleasing: I should not class it higher than a second-rate Scotch Lake. At its southern termination I regained my carrioles, at a point where the stream on issuing from the Fjord, seemed to offer most beautiful harbour for large trout, which, I was also assured, do lie there. Salmon cannot ascend this river, being stopped by the Falls at Hougsund.

I had great difficulty to reach Hougsund. The floods, which are usual in the early part of the summer, in consequence of the melting snows, had carried away most of the bridges, and torn up some of the road: so that we were frequently obliged to make our way, as best we could, across fields, and through intricate places, which nothing but the lightness of our vehicles joined to great labour and perseverance, enabled us to surmount. At some of these spots, I must confess, the thought involuntarily came into my mind, How is it probable that I shall be able to accomplish 1200, or 1500 miles, in the

wilder parts of this country, when I have already experienced such difficulties, and some extraordinary escapes, in two days' travelling, within forty or fifty miles of the Capital?

During this little excursion, I had occasion to cross several Ferries; and I was greatly relieved to ascertain that what I had invariably in all other countries found to be the certain scenes of imposition, annoyance, and delay, if not of risk to man and baggage, were much better regulated in Norway. There is a fixed, and very moderate tariff at all the Norwegian Ferries: the boats are usually kept in good order, and are sufficient for the carriages they have to convey. The ferrymen are remarkably expert in their management; and are very thankful for a trifle over the legal charge. After a long experience of them, the only instances of the slightest annoyance of which I have to complain, were at one or two, where the men were somewhat in liquor: of these by far the worst, on three occasions that I

crossed it, was Minde, at the southern end of Lake Mjösen.

Between Tyri Fjord and Hougsund the road passes within a short distance of the Cobalt works of Modum: they are under the direction of a very intelligent gentleman, named Böbert, and will amply reward a visit: the crystals of Serpentine are especially remarkable. A little above Hougsund, the whole body of the Drammen river, (as large as a dozen of Father Thames,) falls perpendicularly over a considerable ledge of rock, into an immense basin; whence it flows more tranquilly down to Drammen, carrying with it timbers and deals innumerable. The height of the Fall is not proportioned to its breadth; but the quantity, force, and impetuosity of the water, render it an impressive spectacle. No Salmon can possibly ascend it: they, however, may be seen vainly attempting to surmount the obstacle that Nature has placed to their upward course: and at certain convenient spots, baskets are ingeniously set,

into which the fish occasionally fall back, after making their ineffectual spring. Hougsund is not a place for the fly-fisher.

I was here first made experimentally aware of the necessity of despatching a Forbud in Norway. Not having quite determined my route, I had ordered no horses: and the consequence was, that I was detained upwards of three hours waiting for them. I whiled away the time, after examining the Foss, in watching the numerous parties that crossed the Ferry. The river is extremely broad, and the stream very strong: and this being the principal point of transit between Tellemarken and Drammen, there was no lack of passengers. And curious figures some of them were. Many were dressed in the true old fashion of the province, which retains a more distinguishing costume, than any other part of Norway, except some portions of Bergens Stift. The men wore ridiculously short jackets, almost up to their shoulders, and equally diminutive waistcoats, studded with

buttons. Their breeches also were ornamented with large silver buttons half way up the thigh: their stockings did not quite reach the knee, so as to leave it free and bare. The most usual colours were pale green, or brown, relieved with red. They all wore their hair curling long over their shoulders, and under their chins: it was very evident that they are bad customers to the barber. I could not, however, help regretting that almost all the women were dressed as much *à la Française* (with Gigot sleeves, &c.) as their materials allowed them. Few of the fairer sex displayed any national costume, and none that was picturesque, like that of their mountain sisters in Switzerland.

At length the horses arrived: and we were safely ferried across the stream, that in its swollen state looked sufficiently formidable. A mark and a half (little more than an English shilling) not only paid for my two carrioles, servant and self, but also left so handsome a surplus as procured me a profusion of bows and

acknowledgements. With all this delay, it was nearly nine o'clock when I reached the next Station, Dunserud, a small isolated cottage tenanted by two old women, one of whom must run for the horses. As she assured me they had to be summoned from a farm between five and six miles distant; and Kongsberg, I knew, was not more than seven miles off, I at once determined on proceeding there alone, and on foot, leaving my servant to follow with the carriages.

The evening was most lovely; and though the sun soon set, it remained so light that I could at any time read the smallest print without difficulty. My nocturnal walk, alone, and in so entirely strange a country, had something of singularity: I, however, met with no adventure, indeed scarcely saw an individual on the road. All was still as death: the only sound heard was of distant cataracts. The road was hilly and bad; and rewarded me by no fine scenery, until I reached the hill imme-

diately above Kongsberg. The view from that point of the sleeping city, at the bottom of a savage and spacious valley, with a turbulent river roaring through its centre, was very fine, particularly under the circumstances I saw it.

I lingered long to enjoy it, smoking meanwhile my last cigar; and listening anxiously for the distant sound of my chariot wheels to break the silence of the night. But in vain: so I descended into the town. Its streets were completely deserted. I perambulated them once or twice without seeing a soul, or observing the slightest appearance of an inn: it is not the custom in Norway, as in Denmark, to give any pictorial representation of the articles sold within. By this time, I had become alive to the unpleasantness of being alone in a strange city, with little or no knowledge of the language. At length I discovered a watchman fast asleep (as is the privilege of watchmen in all lands) with his "morning star" by his side: for such is the name given to

the staff, with a round head studded with spikes, that as far as my experience extends, is confined to the watchmen of Scandinavia.

I knew the name of the hostess with whom I was to lodge, Mrs. Semmelsohn; and I made no doubt, therefore, of being able at least to make known my wish to be conducted there. But either Charley was impenetrably stupid, or I was inconceivably unintelligible: I could make nothing of him; and I was equally unsuccessful with two or three peasants with whom I eventually met. Once, indeed, I was as I afterwards ascertained, brought to the very house; but there was no outward indication of an inn, and all was so still and so like a private residence, that I did not like to disturb its inmates, knowing how impossible it would be for me to explain my mistake, or my wants. I, therefore, continued pacing up and down the streets, and occupied the chief part of the time in admiring the fine Fall in the usual style of cataract, formed by the river in

the middle of the city. About half an hour after midnight, day began evidently to break; and a little before two, to my infinite relief, my carrioles and servants arrived, thereby releasing me from one of the most unpleasantly singular situations I ever was in. Mrs. Semmelsohn was greatly distressed to hear of my embarrassment; and soon gave me a refreshing cup of coffee, and an excellent apartment, where I forgot all the night's adventures.

The next morning, after a late but capital breakfast on capercailzie, &c., I drove over to the famous Silver Mines, which had been my great inducement to visit Kongsberg. They are situated about five English miles from the town, up a wild lateral valley, entirely occupied with Pine forests. Their situation is strikingly secluded: the entrance to them lies high up the side of a rocky mountain; and as far as the eye can reach, nothing but fir-clad rocks are visible, until glancing up from the lower

ranges, it rests upon the everduring glaciers of the highest Fjelder. I do not intend to trouble my reader with a lengthened description of these mines, because they have often been visited and described, and I have elsewhere given some details of them.* From what I have said there, and now, it may be gathered that a visit to them cannot but interest the lover of the picturesque, as much as the geologist.

While exploring them, I learned that two young men, concerned in the management of the mines, intended to shoot a bear that very night at a spot, about three miles off. An old horse had been deposited at a favourable ambush in the depth of the Forest, and covered with trunks of trees too heavy for any animal but a bear to remove. Bruin had been there three nights before, and had eaten part of the cheek and shoulder. A strict, but silent watch

* See Volume II.

had been maintained every subsequent night; and as the bear had not returned, it was inferred with much apparent probability that he must be so hungry as to be sure of coming this night. The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected: and I easily obtained their consent to be a partner in their watch.

I accordingly drove back to Kongsberg: got my gun, and made other necessary preparations; and about sun-set we proceeded with stealthy steps, through the tangled mazes of the Forest to the scene of what I expected to be very probably a perilous encounter with a bear. On arriving at the spot, all idea of danger vanished. I found a small, but strong and well built log-hut, on a rock immediately above the dell in which lay the carcase of the horse at a distance of forty yards, where with a fortnight's provisions, and plenty of ammunition, a man might defy a combined attack of all the bears and wolves in Scandinavia.

Here we lay in anxious suspense and perfect

silence, wrapped in our cloaks or blankets, expecting each moment to hear Bruin coming to his nocturnal meal. Not a sound however met our ear, except, of the cuckoo and thrush, throughout the night, which was exquisitely mild and beautiful. Soon after sun-rise we quitted our lair, and returned to the mines; knowing it was useless to remain longer. I certainly was somewhat disappointed: at the same time, the novelty of a bivouac in the depth of an interminable Pine Forest, miles away from any human habitation, with the extreme beauty of the night, and the excitement of an anticipated rencontre with so powerful a beast as the Norwegian bear, amply sufficed to reconcile me to the trifling trouble I had undergone.

Kongsberg is the point from which to take horses, for those who wish to visit Tellemarken and the Gousta Fjeld: the Tour must be performed upon horseback; but from all accounts, it fully recompenses the traveller's fatigues by its sublime beauties. My route took me to

Drammen, and over the "Paradiesbakken," (justly celebrated for its extensive and noble prospect) to Christiania: but if the Tourist have followed the line I have recommended, (reversing my route,) he will proceed by Hougsund and the Tyri Fjord to Klekkan, at which point we will, therefore, resume our journey northwards.

From Klekkan the next day's journey brings us to the Mjösen, a beautiful sheet of water, seventy miles in length. Its scenery is pleasing rather than grand; to be enjoyed, rather than described: in short, just of the character calculated to give a soothing, tranquil charm to a drive along its shore. Towards its upper end is situated the large, straggling village of Lillehammer, to which the Government have long endeavoured to give a fictitious importance, as an emporium for the supply of the surrounding districts. A few years ago most of the shopkeepers became bankrupt: but they are now said to be in a more prosperous state, of which

I saw evidence, the last time I passed, in the number of new houses lately built. The Inn at Lillehammer is very uncomfortable: I should therefore advise the tourist to go on to the next Station, Moshuus. Two or three miles before reaching it, he will pass close by Hundfoss; a considerable Fall, which prevents the Pike, that infest the Mjösen, from ascending any higher; and where also very large trout from that Lake congregate in the autumn.

We have now entered Guldbrandsdalen, and the scenery manifestly improves. Hitherto it had resembled our own Highlands; from this point it assumes much more of an Alpine character. The depth of the Valley prevents the highest ranges from being seen: but the mountains that immediately enclose it, are both massive and bold. They often terminate in a perpendicular wall, over which tumble cascades innumerable; at other times they are covered with forest from their base to their summit; and more rarely descend with such a slope as

to admit of Gaards and cultivation, half-way up their sides. The road still follows the course of the Lösne, (the principal feeder of the Mjösen,) which alternately rushes tumultuously through narrow gorges, or swells out into placid Lakes. Several lateral vallies, of dark and wild aspect, pour their tributary waters; and hundreds of smaller streams force their deep path through the wildest ravines imaginable. The lover of the picturesque will stop to admire one of the finest of these latter, between Elstad and Hundorp: and if he has his rod with him, may try for a couple of hours to capture some of the gigantic trout, that are reported to swarm in its crystal depths: I wish him better success than I had.

At a very steep ascent, called *Kringelen*, is a rude monument, with a flamingly patriotic inscription, to commemorate the slaughter of some Scotchmen, (variously estimated from 250 to 900 men,) in the year 1612. They had landed in Romsdalen, and were marching un-

der the command of a Colonel Sinclair, towards Sweden, when they were encountered here by the peasants of the neighbouring district. An ambuscade had been prepared, the road barricaded, rocks and trees collected to overwhelm the unsuspecting foe. So well had the plan been laid, that while only six of the Bönder were killed, the whole of the Highlanders perished, except about twenty who were taken prisoners. Many of the traditions connected with this feat of arms are ridiculously extravagant: they have lately been collected and published by the worthy Pastor of the Parish.*

It is quite extraordinary to witness the importance attached to this distant event, which one might have thought they would rather wish to forget, if not to conceal. The disproportion of slaughter in a combat between peasants and disciplined troops, shows at once under what advantages the former must have fought. But

* For further details of this event, see Volume II.

their subsequent conduct to the prisoners was most atrocious. They started with the intention of conveying them to Christiania; but getting tired of the journey, the next day, in cold blood, shot them all, in order, as a local ballad of their own expresses it, "to save themselves the trouble of conveying them, and the country the expense of maintaining them!"

A short distance beyond Kringelen, the road passes close by a beautiful waterfall: a commodious stone bridge has now been built a little lower down; but the picturesque wooden bridge, figured by Barrow, still exists. A little further lies the Post Station of Laurgaard, at the foot of a wild rocky pass: and, here I propose to rest awhile, for the purpose of describing a very interesting excursion I made in the neighbourhood. During a piscatory expedition to a Lake, not far from Laurgaard, I accidentally became acquainted with a very respectable farmer, named Thor Odegarten; who gave so favourable an account of the numbers of Rein-

deer on the mountains of Rundene, that I agreed to accompany him and his brother to the chace.

We started early on the morning of the 23rd of June; each riding an excellent mountain pony, and accompanied by a sumpter horse laden with the articles necessary for a two days' bivouac on the hills. Crossing the river, our path lay along the face of a rock that forms the eastern barrier of the gorge above Laurgaard. The ascent was extremely steep; and if our beasts had not been remarkably active and sure-footed, we might in a thousand places, have been dashed into the flood that roared below. We reached the summit safely, in about two hours; when we emerged upon an elevated plain, covered with stunted juniper, dwarf birch, and willow, (*bætula nana*, and *salix herbacea*,) the last traces of arboreal vegetation that crown all the Scandinavian heights, above the limits of the fir, and larger birch. There were scattered patches of snow on the

lower grounds; and the surrounding hills universally retained their wintery mantle. Here and there cattle were roaming at large; while in the foreground stood several Sætters, consisting of neatly-built log-houses, with a green enclosure round each.

We entered into one of them, which belonged to Thor; and I was greatly pleased with the order and cleanliness that reigned throughout. A buxom maiden was employed in washing her numerous wooden utensils with a decoction of juniper branches, the best nostrum for keeping them perfectly sweet. She immediately arose to present us with a bowl of delicious milk. Her little dairy was a pattern of neatness; and already at this early season was well stored with butter: the furniture appeared simple, but sufficient, and beautifully clean. The Sætter life seems exactly to resemble that of the Swiss chalet; only it is not so far removed from the habitations of their fellow men. The Norwegians

have the same affectionate names for their cows, the same songs in their praise; and, singular enough, precisely the same long horn as the well known *Cor des Alpes*, only that it is straight, instead of being curved, at the end. The lonely, adventurous life of the Sætter, must have its charm, for a time at least; and their songs express this sentiment very strongly.

Leaving these last abodes of men, we rode slowly across the boggy plain; and soon came in view of Rundene. This isolated mountain consists of a cluster of half a dozen conical peaks, nearly of equal height, and most picturesquely grouped together in an irregular circle, resembling, though on a smaller scale, the famed coronal of Monte Rosa. They are 6500 feet above the sea; and are clad with beautifully pure snow from the summit down to the elevated plateau from which they rise. Three hours after quitting the Sætter, we reached our halting place in a romantic dell at

the very foot of the highest Peak, where we turned our beasts loose to feed at large. I had just time to observe that there was a small low building of stones loosely put together where I understood I must pass the night. It had by no means an inviting appearance; and certainly promised no very splendid accommodations; but my mind was too much occupied by anticipations of the novel sport I was about to enjoy, to care for such things. However, I could not but stop a moment to admire the wild charms of its situation. It stood upon the brink of a fierce torrent, that had cut a deep and narrow channel in the solid rock: and immediately over it impended the dazzling pinnacles of snow-capped Rundene.

We then, under Thor's guidance, penetrated into the inmost recesses of the mountain range, which his experience pointed out to be the most likely feeding ground of the Reindeer, at this season. Occasionally, we ascended the loftiest pinnacles, or traversed vast plains of frozen

snow: at other times we dived into the depths of the vallies, and toiled up the opposing precipices. In many places the softness of the snow rendered the walking very laborious. The sun too was scorchingly hot, and the glare most distressing to the eyes. Wherever the snow had disappeared, the Lichens, which constitute the sole support of the Reindeer during the winter, covered the ground with a thick and soft carpet; and many beauteous flowers, classed by my men under the general name of *Renblomster*, or "Reindeer flowers," but quite new to me, had already begun to expand their half-frozen petals. We saw many cock Ptarmigans perched proudly on rocks within a few yards of us: the hens were all at this season sitting far lower down the sides of the mountains.

I was greatly delighted with the views I obtained from many of the elevated points we ascended. From the central and insulated position of Rundene, I was able to command

a vast extent of the loftiest mountain chains in Norway, from the Dovre Fjeld, to the Jotun Fjeld. Sneehættan, in all its height and breadth, was distinctly visible; but by no means the most striking of the group. To the south-west, as far as the eye could reach, appeared peak after peak, glittering in the sunbeams, and connected by, what from this distance seemed, continuous fields of snow. This *coup d'œil* gave me quite a new impression of the dignity of the Norwegian Alps; and when I traced the line of the deep valley, through which I had journeyed so many days, I could scarcely believe I had passed so close to these gigantic ranges, without being once favoured with a glimpse of their snowy honours.

In various spots we discovered recent traces of deer upon the snow: but though we examined every nook and cranny through an excellent telescope, we could not, for many hours, espy a single living animal. At length, when we were beginning to despair, Thor

descried a herd of twenty does and fawns, reposing at the upper end of a distant glen. Unfortunately, they were so placed as to be difficult of approach. They occupied a bare ridge, surrounded on all sides by unbroken snow, which rendered it totally impossible to advance nearer than 200 yards, without being perceived. I had not a rifle with me; and at that distance a ball from a plain barrel is scarcely to be depended on.

However, there was no help for it: and, therefore, after taking an accurate survey of the country, we made a long circuit, and arrived, unperceived, in the neighbourhood of the unsuspecting herd. On our way we had to cross several awkward places, which we accomplished in comparative safety, except at one spot, where we were compelled to traverse a steeply inclined face of ice, slightly covered with recent snow. Here my treacherous footing gave way, and I was instantly hurried at a fearful rate, down the declivity. It was

well for me that I lost neither my balance, nor my presence of mind: for by striking the barrels of my gun with as much force as I could, into the frozen mass, I was eventually stopped on the verge of a swollen torrent, that had at that point burst asunder the overlying snow. If I had fallen into that roaring flood, I should in a moment have been carried under the frost bound arch; and never more have had an opportunity of recording my exploits. A gracious Providence, however, preserved me on this, as on so many other occasions; and after hastily repairing the damage done to my gun, as well as my nerves would allow me, I pushed on after my guides, with a grateful though panting heart.

The deer were still reposing in perfect security. By stealthily creeping on our hands and knees, we reached a small rock at the least 200 yards from the nearest of them; whence I took a deliberate aim at a fine doe. Alas! the priming had got so wetted by my

late fall, that the first barrel missed fire. The whole herd instantly jumped up at the sound of the percussion cap: without a moment's delay I fired the other barrel, and had the mortification to see the ball strike the ground, a hand's breadth above the animal's back. My attendant Chasseurs then fired at the retreating body, without success. For a few seconds the startled creatures did not seem to know which path to take: but soon the strongest and boldest took the lead, and the rest quickly following, we saw them wend their way in single file up the steepest acclivity; every now and then, turning round to gaze in stupid amazement at the intruders on their native solitudes; until one after one at length crossed the topmost ridge. Then, wishing them good night, we songht our own quarters, for the rest and refreshment we so much needed.

In the morning, my anxiety for the chace had prevented me from scanning very accurately the novel accommodations allotted me: I had

now ample opportunity of appreciating their deficiencies. Being an old Chamois-hunter, I have passed many a night in the rudest Swiss chalets, with nothing better than a dirty sheep-skin thrown on a bench or table for my bed. But never before had I met with any thing so bad, as that hut under Rundene. It had been constructed, for the purposes of the chace, after the fashion of a second rate pig-stye: its dimensions were seven feet by six; its height five feet: it had a small, low door, through which it was just possible to creep; and half the internal space was occupied by a rude, raised bench of stone, destined for my couch. The whole was built of a peculiar kind of Quartz rock, of the purest white, that splits into thin and regular laminæ, like slates. Our first care was to collect a large store of juniper and dwarf willow roots, which we soon coaxed into a crackling fire heaped up in one corner of the hut: which enabled me to boil in my kettle a jorum of tea, that we all pronounced to be

excellent. I then wrapped myself up in my cloaks; nor was it long before the fatigues of the day overcame all sensation of the strangeness of my position, the drowsy chattering of my companions, and even the roar of the adjoining torrent.

Starting early the next morning to the spot where we had seen the Reindeer the preceding evening, we followed their track for many weary miles; until at length it became evident that they had entirely quitted these mountains, for a more distant range. We were not fortunate enough to fall in with any others, though we fagged hard over a wide extent of very likely ground: our only reward was a succession of the most splendid panoramic views imaginable of all the surrounding chains. Although unsuccessful in bringing home a deer, I had attained my object of comparing the chace of the Rein, with that of the chamois; and had satisfied myself that it is pursued on the same plan, but is infinitely tamer from the

far less acute faculties of the former animal, as well as the vast inferiority of the scenery in which it is found. In addition to this, I considered myself much more than recompensed for the fatigue and delay, by the insight I had obtained of the Sætter district and life; but above all, by the opportunity afforded me from the top of Rundene, of appreciating the character and structure of the Norwegian Alps.

We will now resume our journey northwards. Immediately above Laurgaard commences one of the finest mountain gorges to be seen on this road. The ascent is long; but the grandeur of the scenery is such, that the tourist will not regret it. It was at the top of this wild Pass, called Rustan, that the Bönder originally intended to attack Sinclair, instead of at Kringelen. The Geologist will not fail to remark the singular conglomerate of which the rock is composed: and one need not be a botanist to admire the pretty lichen *(L. centrifugus)* that adorns the face of every stone with its grey and

purple circlets. Beyond the Post station, Hougen, the narrow defile expands into a tranquil vale, occasionally sandy, but showing more traces of cultivation than usual. At Tofte, which lies a mile out of the road, will be found the handsomest Gaard, and the nicest people, on the whole line between Christiania and Trondhjem. The landlord is a wealthy proprietor, and remarkably intelligent: unfortunately he speaks nothing but Norsk.

At the next Station, Lien, we finally bid adieu to the beautiful Gulbrandsdal; and turning to the right begin to mount the lower range of the Dovre Fjeld. The road rises nearly the whole way to Fogstuen: but the acclivity is so gradual, and the immediate scenery so tame, that most travellers experience grievous disappointment at this first introduction to one of the highest mountain passes in Norway. It is hardly possible to imagine a more dreary situation than Fogstuen. Placed just at the verge where the fir will grow;

surrounded by morasses; and exposed to the fearful winds that howl over this unprotected glen; without a neighbour, or an acre of corn within miles, it has even at Midsummer a most desolate look. The sportsman may be interested to learn that there is good shooting in the vicinity, and fair trout-fishing at no great distance.

I should recommend the Angler to make his arrangements so as to reach the bridge, half way between Fogstuen and Jerkin, in good time. He will find there a pretty little stream, which passes through a succession of small Lakes; and contains considerable numbers of trout and grayling. If the weather be propitious, and the water in good order, he may be certain of good sport, with Scotch Lake flies. I have always been there too early, but have killed both trout and grayling up to three pounds: with the nets they are frequently taken, in the autumn, upwards of ten pounds. These Lakes are also a favourite breeding place

for many rare kinds of ducks, and other aquatic birds: on the lower hills may be found a fair sprinkling of Ptarmigan; while the range of Sneehættan is a celebrated haunt of the Reindeer. To add to these recommendations in the eyes of a sportsman, there is a most comfortable mountain inn at Jerkin; which, retired and lonely as is its situation, he will perhaps look back to, as the pleasantest quarters he met with on his Tour. During my first stay at Jerkin I made an attempt to shoot a Reindeer on Sneehættan, but as it was unsuccessful, and its details would too closely resemble my expedition to Rundene, I will not trouble the reader with them.

Should the Tourist join to his other qualifications for a visit to Norway, a taste for Botany, he must not forget that the mountains between Jerkin, and Kongsvold, are celebrated for the many rare plants they contain: a full catalogue of which is given by Professor Blytt, in the New Magazine of Sciences. There are many

which belong to the Flora of Finmark: some whose only other European habitat is supposed to be the Pyrenees; remote districts to be connected together by Flora's wand. I believe, however, that this distinguished Botanist's subsequent researches in Valders have shown that these vegetable rarities are not quite so restricted, as had previously been thought to be the case.

The stages from Jerkin to Kongsvold, and thence to Drivstuen, comprise the grandest scenery that the traveller will meet with on his road to Trondhjem. In the first stage, a couple of miles beyond Jerkin, the highest point of ascent is crossed, 4,500 feet above the sea; whence is a sharp descent into Kongsvold. The road then, instead of following the deep and rocky bed of the Driva, which would have cost much labour and cutting, mounts the precipitous side of the eastern mountains, by a winding ascent called the Vaar-stieg, or "spring path," because at that

season it first begins to be used; in winter the frozen bed of the river forms the line of communication. To one who has not passed the Fille Fjeld, the Vaar-stieg will doubtless appear formidable enough. The acclivities are extremely steep, the path very narrow; and often there is no protection whatever between you and the Driva that is heard, but not seen, rushing through a chasm more than a thousand feet beneath. The opposite side of the contracted valley is bounded by a nearly perpendicular wall, of still superior height, which terminates the massy platform, whereon the range of Sneehættan is reared. The views along the upper part of the vale of the Driva, are characterised by wilder grandeur than any that I have seen in Scandinavia, except in Romsdalen, and on the Fille Fjeld.

Drivstuen, though comparatively low, is one of the four mountain Inns, to which peculiar privileges, a tract of free land, exemption from taxes, &c., have been granted, on condition of

their keeping a house open the whole year for the entertainment of travellers. The others are Fogstuen, Jerkin, and Kongsvold. I cannot speak in favour of its accommodations: and I should not advise any Angler to waste time in trying this part of the Driva: the trout there are small and by no means numerous.

The lower part of the valley becomes beautiful, as the upper part had been grand. It rapidly assumes milder features: luxuriant corn fields appear, the first that have greeted the eye, since leaving Gulbrandsdal. The slopes are covered with alders and the pretty bird-cherry, among which thousands of fieldfares are flitting about, evidently conveying food to their neighbouring nests. It is interesting thus to see employed in its domestic duties, a bird which with us is so wild, and but a temporary visitant. At Ofne is a very comfortable, and cleanly Inn: the last on the road to which such epithets can be applied. Hence to Trondhjem is about eighty miles; and there is not a single house

on the road that I can recommend: perhaps, Soknæs is the best.

Close to Ofne the Driva makes an abrupt bend to the Westward; wherefore leaving it, our course points to the North-east, over a very wild and elevated tract, that commands extensive views of peculiarly Norwegian scenery; from the perpetual snows of the higher ranges down to the Gaards in the green vales at our feet. The Pine forests seem interminable: and if, as will probably be the case, the traveller pass this way towards the end of June, their effect will be increased by the numerous parties he will meet on their return from the great Fair at Trondhjem. I do not mean to say that they are in all respects the most agreeable people to encounter, as they travel in large and not very orderly cavalcades, which frequently occupy both sides of the narrow road, rendering it difficult, if not dangerous, to steer through them, down many of the precipitous descents.

They mostly come down from the mountain

glens of the interior, for the purpose of exchanging the produce of their dairies, or their young horses, for such colonial articles as they may want, salt fish, corn, and leather. With such like goods they load their little cars to the utmost extent that their ponies can drag: but invariably on the top of all is a capacious, and smartly-painted chest, which contains their provisions for the journey. They seem rarely, if ever, to enter a house, by night, or by day. Whenever themselves, or their cattle require rest and food, they select a convenient spot, where they draw up their cars in a long line; and after turning out their horses shackled into the adjoining forest, form a family group round the provision box, to whose contents they do ample justice; and then soon sink into slumbers that a monarch might envy.

The flowing locks, on which the old Norwegian prides himself, the strange attire of both sexes, the uncouth appearance of these children of the mountain, combined with the picturesque-

ness of the glades in which they are seen, frequently give these bivouacs of the forest an indescribably striking and novel effect.

At Birkager the road crosses the very deep and romantic Valley of the River Orke, a short distance below the point where it escapes from a wild rocky gorge, within which it had long been confined. A few Salmon ascend this river in the autumn; but not in sufficient numbers to tempt the most inveterate Angler to encounter the wretched accommodations of the Inn. Beyond Birkager, the road follows the line of a small mountain stream, till it eventually falls into the beautiful Valley of the Guul, near Soknæs. From Soknæs for many miles up its course, the Guul presents a succession of exquisite landscapes. It does not aspire to sublimity: but for pleasing, and picturesque character, I know not its equal throughout Norway.

The Vale is generally narrow, and hemmed in by lofty broken rocks, of very varied form and colour, which often standing boldly athwart

the stream, compel it to wind round their base. Where these recede, the intervening space is thickly studded with Gaards and corn fields: and wherever their irregular sides afford a little level ground, neat cottages with enclosures around them, are seen far above the fertile plain, perched like eagles' eyries on the brink of apparently inaccessible precipices. How their inhabitants reach them, seems inexplicable: for the toilsome path is completely hidden among the rocks and dark forests. Nor are the usual accompaniments of a Norwegian scene, waterfalls, wanting to complete the beauties of this Valley, which no lover of Nature should neglect to visit.

As to the piscatory capabilities of the Guul, I shall have occasion to speak of them in my general description of the Scandinavian Rivers. Suffice it here to say, that although I consider it one of the very best Salmon rivers in Norway, I would not recommend the Angler to make any delay at it; as the Namsen which is so much superior a stream, will be in right

order, and full of fish, at least as early as the Guul. It will therefore be better to try it, on his return from the North.

About two miles before reaching Trondhjem, the road arrives at the brow of a considerable hill, which commands a remarkably fine view of the town, and its magnificent Fjord. From this point, it has the appearance of a vast Lake, girt by an amphitheatre of mountains, all of noble contours and dimensions, but no single one riveting the eye by any marked pre-eminence. It is impossible to avoid instituting a mental comparison between it, and its Southern rival. My first impression (which subsequent observation confirmed) was, that Trondhjem's Fjord is characterised by more grandeur, but by less variety, and less loveliness, than that of Christiania. Its general features are upon a greater scale, but it wants the picturesque peninsulas; it wants the profusion of wood; and above all, it wants the islands, that lend such a charm to the shores and basin of the latter.

There is one single rocky islet, called Munk-

holm, a mile or two off, in the roadstead, opposite the town. It was anciently occupied by a monastery; but has lately been fortified, with the ostensible object of protecting the port against all invaders. In case of a serious attack, this puny fortress could evidently have little influence in deciding the fate of the city: and a couple of frigates would blow it into the water, in a quarter of an hour. Trondhjem itself also exhibits some signs of being fortified: for what purpose I could not exactly make out; certainly not, of offence, or defence, against any such assailants as it is likely to encounter: it is commanded on all sides.

There is no Inn whatever in this Northern capital of Norway. An indifferent one was lately set up, but the experiment did not answer; and it was soon closed. There are, however, several lodging-houses; the best of which, especially for an Englishman, is that of Mrs. Homberg, a wonderful old lady, who has kept lodgings for more than half a century; and though upwards of eighty, still retains a green

old age. The stranger will meet with every attention and reasonable comfort at her house. She had the honour of accommodating the present Ruler of France, Louis Philippe, during his expatriation in the early times of the French Revolution: and she has this summer (1839) received from him a very handsome Musical clock, through the hands of the French Scientific Expedition lately sent to the North. It may be imagined how much the good old lady was gratified by this royal recollection of the treatment he had experienced at her house: and all the time I was there, its tunes were kept almost incessantly playing for the amusement of her numerous friends, that called to see, and admire it. Such useless elegances as musical clocks are very rare articles at Trondhjem; where the ornamental is obliged to give place to the strictly useful.

CHAPTER V.

Trondhjem: History; Appearance; Trade; Cathedral—Leerfoss—Salmon fishing—Society—Mode of living in Norway—Importance of the fair sex—Preparations for the Namsen—Routes to it—Fjord of Trondhjem—Trout fishing at Hammer—Værdal—Olaf the Saint—Angling at Steenkjær—Wildness of the country beyond—Hurricane—Bangsund—First view of the Namsen—Take up my quarters on it at Mediaa.

HOWEVER anxious the Tourist may be to proceed Northwards from Trondhjem, whether his object be to visit the Namsen, or to see the encampments of Lapps on the Swedish frontiers; he must perforce devote a few days to the repair his equipage will need, after so long an exposure to Norwegian usage, as well as to the preparations absolutely necessary for his further expedition. He will not therefore

be sorry to learn, that this short delay may be agreeably occupied by various objects of interest in and about Trondhjem.

This city is the acknowledged capital of the North, as Bergen is of the West, and Christiania of the South. Though considerably inferior in population, it can boast a much more ancient importance than either of the others: and still retains many vestiges of the consequence that belonged to it previously to the complete amalgamation of the numerous divisions of Norway into one kingdom, and the establishment of the Supreme Government at Christiania. The Cathedral of Trondhjem is the exclusive crowning place; a proud privilege secured to it by the National Constitution. Here, also, is the National Bank, in spite of sundry attempts that have been made to remove it to the Southern Metropolis. A civil and military governor, with the usual array of subordinate officers; the clergy attached to the Cathedral; and some distinguished scholars connected

with a very good Latin school; give, as might be expected, a superior tone to the society.

A large proportion of the principal merchants are originally of Danish extraction. Their commercial transactions cannot, of course, be upon a very extensive scale; but they are a highly respectable, well informed body of men, distinguished for their affability and kindness to strangers. By far the principal export is salt fish, caught and cured at the Islands of Loffoden, during the winter months: timber is the next in importance. Among the minor articles of export I will only mention the grinding stones, which may be seen lying on the quays, of micaslate, thickly studded with garnets: they come from the shores of Lake Sælboe, about twenty miles to the South of Trondhjem. The town, is on the whole, neatly built; and has a pretty appearance from the majority of the houses being painted in pleasing colours: and this effect is increased by the great width of the streets,

imperatively required by the inflammable materials of which all Northern cities are constructed. The pavement is to the full as bad as that of Christiania: need I say more?

The great boast of Trondhjem is its ancient Cathedral. In a country, where every thing is constructed of so perishable an article as wood, a building, like this, that has survived a few centuries, becomes an object of curiosity. But it is, besides, invested with additional interest in the eyes of an Englishman, who expects to find in it a native model of the taste and skill of those Northern men, who reared so many magnificent temples in France and in England. If, however, he anticipates a rival to the glories of Rouen, or of York, he will be most grievously disappointed. It cannot be concealed that this earliest specimen of Norman architecture presents a heavy, and most incongruous exterior: the only picturesque portion is the eastern, which is in the Moorish style! The western end has not been completed. Al-

together, it possesses a certain degree of solid majesty, and confessedly forms a striking feature in many of the landscapes: more praise I cannot, as an admirer of the Beautiful, award to it. The antiquarian will doubtless discover much more to interest him in the details, especially at the fine northern entrance, which is in what we usually call the Saxon style, with circular arches, and zigzag ornaments.

The interior is not better than the exterior. The arches are walled up; and the sides disfigured by tiers of pews, exactly resembling boxes at a theatre. The only part that I can conscientiously praise, is the gothic Shrine that encloses the High Altar: the main arch is a remarkably light and elegant specimen of the gothic curve. Within this shrine stands an excellent cast of Thorwaldsen's "Christ," which the great Danish Sculptor, presented to the Cathedral, through his friend Mr. Jorgen Knudtzon. Its position is happy, and its effect very impressive.

It is but too evident that numerous repairs are required, to which neither the funds nor skill of modern Norway, I fear, are equal. The urgency of devoting a considerable annual sum to this purpose from the public revenue, has been ably advocated by one of Norway's best modern poets, Schwach, in his recent description of the Cathedral: but whatever Mr. Laing may say, the Bönder M. P.'s are extremely close-fisted about voting public grants for public purposes, even of utility, much less of ornament.

One of the best views of the environs of Trondhjem, is from the Fortress, on the heights to the North-east of the city. It is there seen that the town is built on a sort of peninsula formed by a remarkable bend of the River Nid, near its embouchure: from which it received its ancient name, Nidaros. On the other side, it is washed by the clear waters of the Fjord: the tide here rises about eight feet. The soil is composed of transported gravel and silt, disposed

in those successive terraces, which so undeniably prove the former existence of a higher level of the water at the mouths of all the Northern Vallies. I shall have occasion in the sequel to show reasons for concluding that these terraces are connected with the elevation of this part of the Continent, at no very distant geological æra, though not within the period of History.

About three or four miles above Trondhjem, the Nid tumbles over the last of a ledge of rocks, at a place called Leerfoss, forming one of the most beautiful Falls I have seen in Norway. The height is not extraordinarily great; I should guess about 100 feet: but every thing is in admirable proportion. The River, which contains as much water as the Tweed above Kelso, is hemmed in between two narrow walls of rock, whence it is precipitated in one unbroken mass of silvery foam, into the wide basin it has gradually scooped out; and then for a short space rushes tumul-

tuously over a sunken reef, to finish its more tranquil course to the Fjord. The heights, which are disposed in an irregular semicircle around, combine harmoniously with the features of the scene: the dark pine appropriately fringes each side of the Fall, while the softer verdure of the birch and other forest trees adorns the lower banks.

I must also confess that, to my taste, the effect here, as elsewhere, is increased rather than injured, by some picturesque mills, for the preparation of Chrome, and Copper rolling, that have been erected on the verge of the chasm. An English mile higher up, is a second Fall, preferred by many to this; it is rather higher, but not so perpendicular, and well deserves a visit: attached to it is an interesting saw mill on a considerable scale.

Salmon ascend as far as the Lower Fall, where formerly there was good Angling. It is, however, now quite spoiled. After long litigation, the peasants have established their

right to fish in the manner they had imitated from the Proprietor, who is a capital Angler. The consequence of this is that they are continually pestering the fish, with worm, or the rude bunches of feathers they call flies: and as the space is very limited, they effectually prevent better performers from having any sport. Now and then, a good fish is killed: but from all accounts, they have sadly deteriorated both in numbers and size, within the last dozen years. I have several times accompanied friends to Leerfoss, not so much to see them fish, as to enjoy the exquisite beauties of the spot: but I never, except once, took a rod in hand, when my companion killed an ill-shaped Grilse of four pounds, the only rise we either of us had. There is only one, good sized pool, over which the Angler is rowed again and again, leaving his flies to play in the stream, fifteen or twenty yards below the boat. I would not give a bawbee to fish such a river a second time.

Even an Angling Tourist is much more likely

to be detained by the kind hospitality he will experience at Trondhjem. To one family, in particular, well known to every Englishman who visits these remote parts, I was indebted for the most agreeable hours I spent here. The motto over the door of their country seat, "Velkommen," (*i. e.* Welcome!) is admirably characteristic of the warm and friendly spirit that reigns within. With good taste, they retain the most distinctive peculiarities of the Norwegian mode of life: but at the same time, they are too well acquainted with the best habits of other nations not to have engrafted them upon those of their own country, wherever suitable. The books, the prints, the objects of art, that lie scattered about the rooms, betray, at the first glance, the familiarity of their possessors with England, and Italy: the English language is spoken with perfect fluency by almost every member of the family.

In the social intercourse of the higher classes in Norway, there is a simplicity of

customs, united with great ease and comfort, which gives it great charms in the eyes of a stranger.

Breakfast is not so great a meal as with us: or rather it is divided into two; consisting usually of a simple cup of coffee with a biscuit taken early in the morning; some time after which slices of cold meat, smoked salmon, cheese, &c. are placed on a side-board, with bread and butter, and, of course, the brandy bottle.

The dinner hour is generally one or two o'clock: even at the Stadholder's State parties, we did not dine later than three. This meal always occupies a long time; as each dish is handed round repeatedly to each guest, and frequently pressed upon him in what used formerly to be considered the true spirit of hospitality, in our own country. The fare is good and substantial, much more in the German, than in the French style: the sweet things are almost always excellently made. In all the

best houses, there is abundance of Claret, of fair quality; often also a pleasant white wine they call Madeira, more probably of Spanish growth; and occasionally Port, though of very different flavour from that we are accustomed to drink. It is much lighter, both in body and colour, being invariably tawny; but it is very agreeable to the taste, and very possibly more genuine than the strong Port manufactured for the English market.

When strangers are present, there are seldom wanting toasts complimentary to him or his nation, as an excuse for a fair supply of wine during the dinner, after which they never sit, as we do in England. When this lengthened operation is at last over, and all have eaten, and drunk, and talked, and sung, to their full content, there is usually a slight pause of expectation, when the guest of most consequence proposes the health of the Host and Hostess, with thanks to them for their entertainment: upon which the chairs are instantly removed

with great noise, and the whole party shake hands with each other, and with the host, saying to him, "Tak for Mad," or "Thanks for our repast;" to which he replies, "Velbekommen," "May it agree with you!" Each gentleman then conducts a lady into the adjoining room, where coffee is handed round; and most of the male sex soon drop off, to smoke a pipe, or take a stroll out of doors. An hour or two later, they return for a cup of tea: and finally, about nine o'clock, a supper of cold meat, fruit, &c. is laid out in the dining room.

Owing to the early hours of the country, the children uniformly make a pleasing addition to a Norwegian dinner. But what most surprises, and for a long time even distresses, an Englishman, is the very active share which the ladies take in ministering to his convivial comforts. Not only do they personally superintend, and assist in the various processes of the cookery, but when the dishes are served, they invariably carve them, and, in country

houses at least, often hand them round, and supply the gentlemen with clean plates; the host meanwhile sitting quite at his ease, and attending only to the intellectual entertainment of his company. These offices the Norwegian ladies perform with admirable modesty, self-possession, and good humour; and are only distressed when a stranger rises to prevent their fulfilling what they have always been taught to consider a duty, if not a privilege of their sex.

Important as women are everywhere, not merely for the ornament, but for the daily and hourly comforts of social life, they nowhere play so indispensable a part as in Norway: a Norwegian menage could not possibly go on without them. Most frequently there is an unmarried sister, or near relative, of the husband or wife, who manages every thing, and sits at the lady's right hand, ready to supply any thing that may be wanted, to keep the children in order, &c., which surely is an

admirable preparation for undertaking the matrimonial duties on her own account hereafter. Every stranger, in venturing an opinion of national character, must of course speak according to the opportunities he has enjoyed: but he must be very unthankful, or had little occasion to appreciate them, who does not feel that he owes a deep debt of gratitude to the fair Norwegians, for much of the pleasure, and most of the comfort, of his Tour.

Good temper, good nature, and good sense, they possess in a very superior degree: they are certainly not deficient in natural ability: and such information as they have acquired, they know how to use to the best advantage, with a tact and talent so peculiarly feminine. It could not be expected that they should generally possess what we call accomplishments: the circumstances of their position render them both unnecessary, and unattainable. Governesses, or masters, or schools for ladies, are unknown, except in one or two large

towns. In the interior, females are seldom acquainted with any but their mother tongue, of which the native literature is very scanty. Of foreign authors, they seem to be most commonly familiar (through the medium of Danish translations) with Scott, *par excellence*, Marryat and Bulwer.

I have never been fortunate enough to meet with a good vocal, or instrumental performer: and am convinced that such must at the least be rare. In all social companies, however, the national melodies are chanted with a warmth and energy that make up for science: and some, consisting partly of song, and partly of a descriptive recitative, in the style of poor Charles Matthews' songs, are often given with much humour.

But enough, the reader will say, of Trondhjem; we have lingered there too long: let us proceed Northwards. If, however, he is about, as I hope, to accompany me for a month, or six weeks, to the Namsen, he must permit me

to inquire whether he has made the necessary preparations for this formidable expedition: for until he has so done, I can by no means take upon me the responsibility of advising him to start, whatever be his impatience. First, his carriages, and harness, and tackle, must all be in perfect order; with extra supplies of the most necessary articles belonging to each, or the most likely to be injured. Next, he must be furnished, according to his individual requirements, with almost everything he will want in the articles of food, or drink, during five or six weeks. My own tastes would induce me to recommend half a dozen Madeira, half a dozen Cognac, a large stock of English and rye biscuits, a ham or two, some maccaroni and rice, coffee, tea, and a loaf of sugar. In addition to these almost indispensable articles, I have invariably taken with me, blankets, a kettle, and frying pan; which have proved of infinite service. I can only say, that although the visits of English-

men within the last few years have visibly increased the stock of comforts in the extreme North, still a precarious supply of coffee and sugar, together with barley cakes, butter, and potatoes, are the only articles on which the sportsman can reckon, in addition to the produce of his gun and rod.

Freighted then with the above, and such other articles as his tastes may require, the Angler will leave Trondhjem with a heart beating with the anticipation of deeds yet undone; and, I think, need not fear that he will be disappointed. He will also find much to engage his attention, and excite his admiration on his way. The road follows the Eastern shore of the beautiful Fjord to which Trondhjem has given its name, up to its Northern termination, a distance of seventy or eighty miles; and it is rarely carried so far from its borders, as not to command exquisite prospects over its lovely waters, and picturesque cliffs.

The first stage offers pleasing, but not re-

markable features. The second passes through much finer scenery, which conveys a most favourable impression of the more retired beauties of the Fjord. There is one bay especially, deeply indenting the line of the coast, which cannot fail to attract the traveller's admiration, as he drives slowly round it. Several fishermen's huts, and smaller Gaards, are built upon its edge: at its very head stands a handsome gentleman's residence, backed by a circling tier of rocks, bristling with pines to their very summits; in the midst of which a deep and dark ravine affords a tortuous passage to a pretty little trout stream.

Soon after, the road winds along the side of a formidable precipice, immediately impending over the Fjord, at a height of more than 1000 feet. The rocks are of an intermediate character between Gneiss and Mica slate, so common in Norway, and are contorted in a manner that betrays violent disturbing forces. In many spots, broken masses of Gneiss are

imbedded in the strata, as if the original rock had been disrupted, and then reconsolidated together: the best specimens of this conglomerate are seen close to the Post-sation of Heel.

Heel is situated on one bank of a considerable river that waters the broad Vale of Stordal: Sandfærdhuus is the Station on the other side. The ferry between them is one of the worst to be found in Norway, as from the loose nature of the banks, the floods constantly sweep away any attempt at forming a secure landing place. Salmon come up this river in tolerable quantities: but it is evidently not suited to the Angler, for at least the last six or eight miles of its course: it has never been tried higher up.

We next cross the most extensive tract of level ground I have met with in this country; the soil consists of rolled gravel, covered with heath, and exhibiting every indication of having once been submerged under water. This plain affords one of the few favourable spots for the

exercise of troops, that Norway can boast: and it is accordingly often devoted to that purpose. On one of these occasions, the present King Carl Johann, and Prince Oscar, were present: and the wooden cabins they occupied, are still to be seen on the spot, dignified with their names. On quitting this plain, the line of road rises very considerably. Between Forbord and Værdal is some very romantic scenery, which, although it scarcely admits of detailed description, cannot fail to afford the picturesque Tourist great and varied enjoyment, as he winds leisurely through it.

At Hammer, the Angler will do well to stop a day or two: close to the Inn are some extensive Lakes, which will afford him very pretty trout fishing in June and July, and good duck shooting, in August or September. I have never given these Lakes a fair trial: however, during the few hours I have fished them, whenever there was any breeze to curl the water, I hooked trout nearly at each cast

of my fly. Those that I caught varied from half pound to one pound: but I have seen fish of six or seven pounds jump out of the water, and hooked one of at least two or three pounds. The accommodations at Hammer are pretty fair: the people of the house excellent; and they have a good boat on the Lake. In the mountains immediately above the house there is said to be a *Tarn*, full of very large trout, that take the fly greedily.

Two stages more bring us to Levanger, where fairs are held, at the beginning and end of winter, which are numerously attended by the Swedes, Finns, and even Russians. It is a very dull looking place at any other time. In about ten miles further, we come to the Valley of Værdal, where the new made road into Sweden branches off suddenly to the Eastward. Any traveller who is anxious to inspect a summer encampment of the Lapps, with their Reindeer, &c. had better take this line; as some of that most singular Nomadi-

tribe may usually be found within a short distance of the road. Skalstugan is the best point, from which to seek them.

I devoted three or four days to an examination of the upper part of the Valley of Værdal, of which Mr. Laing (who resided here between one and two years) has given so flattering a description. It is, as he says, a fine mountain strath: and the scenery of the upper portion is characterised even by grandeur. I lodged with a delightful family at a Farm called Ostgrund: a very inferior house, called Midgrund, immediately adjoining, was the one occupied by Mr. Laing. Not quite a mile higher up the course of the river, is a fall of sufficient height to prevent the Salmon from ascending beyond. And two or three miles further is a much more picturesque cascade, celebrated for the number and size of the trout that haunt the pools below it: but I must not anticipate these piscatory details, which I intend to reserve for a separate chapter.

At Værdalsören I was most comfortably lodged at the house of the principal merchant, named Moe; in the very same room once honoured by the presence of Carl Johann, king of Sweden and Norway. Somewhat less than a couple of miles out of the town, at a spot called Stikklestad, is the site of a famous battle, in the year 1030, where Olaf the Saint, (who first introduced Christianity into Norway,) was slain by his "discontented subjects." There is an ancient and modern monument to commemorate the event; neither of them anywise remarkable for taste, beauty, or appropriateness.

From Værdal we see nothing of the Fjord, until we come to Steenkjær, a rising little town, on what may be considered, the head of the Fjord of Trondhjem (although an inferior branch extends some miles further Northwards) and at the point of discharge of the waters of the Snaasen Vand. Close to it is a small plain, similar to the one already described in

Stordal, which, like it, serves for the exercising place of the military belonging to this district. The annual presence of 500 or 600 men for six weeks gives a great impulse to the trade of Steenkjær: besides which, its position renders it the great depôt for supplying a large tract in the interior with articles obtained from Trondhjem. Moreover, about two or three miles up the river is a Foss, where Consul Gramm has erected saw mills: the manufacture and export of the deals necessarily afford additional employment.

Not far from the Foss, two Scotchmen, from Aberdeen, have established themselves as farmers: to whom I should recommend any of my countrymen desirous of information to pay a visit. They are intelligent men; and seem to like the country. I have no doubt they will contribute to improve the system of agriculture pursued by the natives. They have discovered some seams of limestone, interstratified with the mica slate, in a manner not uncommon in

that rock: this they employ successfully as manure, but hitherto no one has imitated them. Still further inland, is a very extensive bed of marine shells, lying nearly 100 feet above the present level of the sea: its limits are not known, but it has been observed some miles at least to the north-east of Faa Church. Indeed, the Scotchmen assured me, that whenever they cut through the superincumbent peat of the vallies they almost invariably find marine shells, some broken and some perfect, of apparently the same species as now inhabit the neighbouring seas.

A tolerable number of Salmon frequent the Steenkjær river during the season, which may, perhaps, afford an Angler amusement for a day or two. I must, however, inform him, that in addition to other drawbacks, the stream is so full of floating and sunken deals, as to render it extremely difficult to kill a fish of any size: besides, who would linger long, within so short a distance of the Namsen? Yet this

river used to be the "*ultima Thule,*" even to the most adventurous sportsmen; until about seven or eight years ago, a couple of Irishmen, who had heard of the fame of the Namsen, penetrated to Fiskum Foss; of which they brought back such a report, that many have been induced to follow their steps. Since their time, the roads have been very much improved; so that it is no longer an expedition attended with danger or great difficulty.

Steenkjær is ten and a half Norwegian miles, or seventy-four English, from Trondhjem: a short distance beyond it, two roads branch off to the North, by either of which the Namsen may be easily reached in two days. One line passes along the Northern shore of Lake Snaasen, as far as Vexet, near Sem; whence it crosses the Mountains to Ekker. The present stages, 1839, (for they are constantly changed,) are from Steenkjær to Fölling, one Norwegian mile: to Quam, one mile: to Rygh, one mile: to Hammer, five-eighths of a mile: to Vexet,

one mile and a quarter: to Grong, on the Namsen, three miles: or in all, about eight Norwegian, or fifty-six English miles. Much of the road is hilly and bad; but presents interesting views over an extremely wild country. The portion of it that passes along the Lake may be better performed in boat: the scenery of the Snaasen is pleasing rather than grand; and its piscatory capabilities have never been put to the test, though it is known to contain abundance of trout.

The other line of road, by Elden and Bangsund, is three Norwegian miles longer, but is more interesting both for its scenery, and the opportunity it gives of seeing the lower part of the Namsen. Probably the Angler will go by it, and return by the Snaasen Vand. At Steenkjær, excellent quarters may be had with the principal merchant, named Hunsgaard: he also speaks English. Elden and Hund are fair specimens of the usual Norwegian Inn: and tolerable accommodations for the night may be found at Bangsund.

Taking the latter line, immediately after leaving Steenkjær, an imperfect Druidical circle is seen to the right: the stones are not large, and seem to be arranged exactly in the same manner as with us. I have observed no Cromlechs in the North; but in the South of Scandinavia they are not unfrequent. Great part of the second stage passes along the rocky shores of the most Northern arm of the Trondhjem Fjord: it is wild and picturesque, and glimpses are caught of much wilder and loftier mountains beyond.

As soon as the season is sufficiently advanced for the Aquatic birds to bring their broods down from their respective breeding grounds, these shores are lined with various species of ducks: and as, in addition to them, game, and rare birds, are frequently seen in the forests through which the road passes, the sportsman should always have his gun ready at hand. At Berg, if the traveller have time while his dinner is preparing, he may stroll

down to the neighbouring valley, where a lateral stream of considerable magnitude falls over a succession of rocky ledges, (each furnished with saw mills,) into a river that shortly conveys its waters into the Fjord below Overgaard. It is a scene pleasing to the painter, or the meditative Tourist.

Two or three miles from Berg, we come to the land-locked arm of a small Fjord, which till within these few years was the only place where boats could be obtained, to commence the dreary long voyage to the North Cape. The extension of the road, and the subsequent establishment of Steam boats from Trondhjem to Hammerfest, every fortnight, have completely altered the destinies of this little port. It is now quite deserted.

From Berg to Bangsund is about sixteen English miles; and from its character, much more than its length, it is one of the severest stages for the horses that I have ever encountered. The scenery, however, is so wildly mag-

nificent, that no one who is in the least suited for a Norwegian tour, will regret the time he is obliged to linger through it. I fear it is not in my power to convey any adequate idea of this savage Pass. The road winds through a mountainous district, abutting on the Northern Ocean; where the mountains are all rock, and the rocks are mountains; always bold, often perpendicular, yet invariably, wherever practicable, clothed to their topmost heights, with noble pines; the spruce occupying the lower, the Scotch fir, of unusually large dimensions, and most picturesque forms, claiming the highest ground. These mountains are so irregularly disposed, that unexpected glades, and deep glens, of extreme beauty, successively break in upon the view: while from many a point, glimpses of the neighbouring Fjord rather tantalize than satisfy the eye. The formation of such a road in so poor and thinly populated a district presented great difficulties: the ascents are long and severe; and from

being so recently made, the ground is very soft and heavy for draught.

When I last passed this way, it still exhibited extraordinary traces of the hurricane that had devastated a portion of the country, a month or two after I quitted it in the Autumn of 1837. The most Southerly point where I observed its ravages was on Lake Snaasen; whence it took a Northerly direction to the Valley of the Namsen, and thence trended to the North-east, as far at least as Fiskum Foss. It occurred during the night; and I needed not the assurance of the natives to comprehend with what immense fury it must have raged. Its course was, and must be for many years, perfectly traceable by its devastations: nothing within its sphere of action, could withstand its force. I nowhere observed it to exceed more than 200 or 300 yards in width; outside that line every tree was undisturbed; but within it, all were torn up by the roots, and strewed like bulrushes, in the general direction of the hurricane

for it is justly entitled to this appellation by its violence.

It is most delightful on emerging from this romantic chaos, to find oneself on the delicious shores of the arm of the sea, whereon Bangsund is situated. So much of the impression of a scene depends upon the weather, health, spirits, &c. that I scarcely know how far I must attribute the effect this lovely Bay has produced upon my memory, to the circumstance of my having always viewed it with the accessories of most heavenly weather, and the excitement produced by my anticipations, or recollections, of the Namsen. But, surely, under any circumstances, it must be considered a lovely Bay: the exquisitely shaped basin, suddenly narrowing into a rock-bound creek, beyond which it is again seen expanding into its parent Fjord; the whole too encompassed and girt in, by towering mountain masses, must, at all times, delight and captivate the lover of nature, but when seen under the glorious hues of a

Northern sunset, as I have seen this picture, it will be cherished among those which the memory retains and clings to with the greatest pleasure.

I confess that the aspect of the last stage, from Berg to Bangsund, had made me somewhat alarmed as to the feasibility of my future progress. It really seemed as if all practicable road was about to cease; and when I reached the grass-grown verge of the Fjord of Bangsund, I began seriously to contemplate the possibility of being obliged to perform the rest of the route on foot, or at best on horseback. For to turn back, so near to the great object of my expedition, never once entered into my contemplation; no, not if I should even be compelled to carry my baggage on my back, and finish my journey barefooted. However, on crossing the broad Ferry of Bangsund, the country quite changed: no more huge mountains, and rocky wilds; but a comparatively champaign country, with the usual Norwegian cultivation, and varied by low wooded heights.

I scarcely dare describe the feelings with which I approached Spillum, the first stage from Bangsund, and where I knew I should obtain the first view of the Namsen: they would appear both incomprehensible and ridiculous in the eyes of any but an "Anglomaniac." I had hitherto met with such very indifferent sport in Norway, and had been so grievously disappointed with every river I had yet tried, that I could not help dreading I was doomed to encounter a still heavier disappointment at the stream, to fish which I had already travelled 1500 long miles.

It was therefore with a feverish excitement that I ran up a hill that overhung the Post-house of Spillum, and promised evidently to command the lower course of the Namsen, near its entrance into the sea. The very first glance satisfied me I had at last reached the real river for an Angler: a deep broad stream rolled majestically into a beautiful bay, that in its turn opened into a noble Fjord. For

a long way up, I could see the river maintained the same equable course: and the character of the country, combined with the information I had obtained along the road, satisfied me that there was not for thirty or forty miles, any obstruction to the ascent of the Salmon. That single glance relieved my breast of an indescribable load of doubt and anxiety.

In the course of this day's journey, I had to cross the Namsen four times: but even in these wild parts I found the Ferries, as usual throughout Norway, well conducted and cheap: the ferrymen were uniformly civil, and for an extra trifle grateful to a degree very unusual among their class in other countries.

The lower part of the Namsen traverses a fertile and very level country; in consequence of which the tide reaches at least six or seven miles above Hund; say, fifteen miles from its mouth. Still higher up, however, the hills exhibit more of an Alpine appearance, and approach nearer to the river: the scenery

becomes grander, and the alternate streams and pools far more satisfactory to an Angler's eye. It was with difficulty I could keep mine sufficiently off them to enable me to drive in safety through some of the intricate passes; for the road latterly began to assume a very primitive character.

However, at length I reached the last Ferry near Grong; with the intention of proceeding to Ekker, an excellent house, belonging to a most excellent man, but unfortunately upwards of two miles from the River. This was too great a distance for an impatient Angler, and counterbalanced its other advantages. Therefore observing two or three good looking Gaards close to the Ferry, I inquired at the nearest whether I could not obtain there all the accommodation I needed: which, after the list I gave of my preparations for the expedition, the reader will easily believe, was not much. My overtures were instantly received most favourably: and I was soon installed in the best rooms of the

house. My host's name was Iver, of Mediaa; a worthy, kind-hearted man as ever lived: his family consisted only of his wife, a son of about 17, and a daughter 14 years old. I found them all cleanly, civil, and obliging in the extreme; and ready to do any thing in their power to conduce to my comfort; therefore, as the situation was most convenient, I made their house my head quarters, during both my visits to the Namsen: and if I were ever fortunate enough to go there again, should do the same. I had a neatly finished chamber, of just sufficient length to admit a twenty foot rod to be hung on pegs, without being taken to pieces; a great convenience to the Angler. Beyond it, was a smaller room, where I could stow away my stores and valuables under lock and key: on the other side was a little kitchen, used only for my purposes, the family kitchen and apartments being under a distinct roof. The whole was very neatly boarded, and perfectly clean: what could an Angler wish

for more! My brother enthusiasts, if such there be that peruse these volumes, will picture to themselves the delight with which I took possession of my wooden palace, and retired early to my humble little bed, in the almost vain hope of shortening the interval to the wished for morning, by courting slumbers that my anxiety scarcely suffered to visit my eyelids.

CHAPTER VI.

Description of the River Namsen—Method of Angling—Good boatmen—First day's sport—Piscatory details—Heat of the weather, and annoyance of insects—Distribution of Fish—Removal to Fiskum Foss—Dangers of road—Badness of accommodation—Excellence of sport—Sensation of the Natives—Character of the upper part of the river—Poor living—Success at Fossland—"Cobbe," or the Seal—My heaviest Salmon—Warnings to retreat—Adieu to "Minimum House"—To Fossland—To Mediaa—Recapitulation of sport.

I WAS now fairly installed upon the Namsen; within two degrees of the Arctic Circle. All my fears of the impracticability of reaching it, or of breaking my rods, or of losing the most important parts of my baggage were at an end; all my misgivings that I might find the river already preoccupied, or, after all, not worthy of its fame, had most happily vanished. Not a single Angler had been heard of; and when I looked

upon the broad crystal flood, that rushed by my Gaard, I confessed at once that it was the king of salmon rivers that had ever greeted my eye.

The Namsen (for so it is invariably spelled, though the natives usually pronounce it as if written Namson) takes its rise from several large lakes, situated within the bosom of the mountains that form the Southern boundary of the province of Nordland, and are the favourite resort of the Laplanders, from the circumstance of their being early cleared of snow. After traversing a wild tract of forest, scarcely inhabited by man, it flows past Heimdal-hougen, (the loftiest and finest mountain of this district,) when it enters a broad upland Valley extensively cultivated; at the end of which it suddenly falls over a perpendicular wall of gneiss, between 100 and 200 feet high; and thence struggles through what may be termed a succession of rocky gorges, from the last of which it emerges just above the Ferry of Mediaa. From this point, its stream is broader, and its course

more placid, though still affording beautiful rapids, as well as pools, to delight the Angler.

In consequence of its flowing through a country of primitive rocks, in which silex is the chief ingredient, the water of the Namsen becomes extraordinarily pure and transparent, immediately after it is cleansed from the melting snow. The period of its thus clearing of course varies according to the season: but in general it may be said that the snow is sufficiently carried away to admit of Angling, by the very beginning of July. The Angler will, very probably, find this Northern river discoloured until quite the middle of that month: but he will soon learn that Salmon at least (though not so trout, perhaps,) will take the fly in water that a Scottish Angler would call "full of snow brew." Even after heavy rains the Namsen clears in a few hours: and happy is the fisherman that is ready on its banks to attack the shoals of greedy Salmon that are then sure to rush up its flooded streams.

From the breadth of the river, and the character of its shores, it is utterly impossible to fish it except from a boat: and again, so strong is the current, that it would scarcely be feasible to row against it, and cast with any regularity, in the way practised on the Tweed. The only plan, therefore, is to commence at the head of the stream, and row the boat, with its head up the current, as nearly as possible in a straight line, diagonally across; returning, after the same fashion, some five yards lower down, and thus proceeding alternately from side to side, until the whole place is well fished over. The fly, meanwhile, is kept playing from fifteen to twenty yards below the boat; and a little practice will enable the artist to make it dwell at the most likely spots, and swim at the right depth.

This is doubtless a very killing method; for, if the boat be well managed, the fly can be presented in the most tempting manner to almost every Salmon in the river. But on the other

hand, it reduces the inexperienced Tyro, and the accomplished Angler, nearly to the same level; since the most difficult feat in the art, that of casting the fly far and well, is done away with; and consequently the hooking a fish depends at least as much upon the boatmen, as the fisherman. This is the great defect of the Namsen, as an Angling river.

There is an abundance of excellent boats, the river being used in preference to the roads as the chief highway for the transit of all heavy goods. They are built entirely of fir; sharp pointed, and rising high at each end; and as light as a cork. They bound safely on the top of the breakers, down the most fearful looking rapids; which again they ascend in a way I have nowhere seen so much, or so well practised, as on the Namsen. Oars are out of the question to overcome so violent a stream: each man, therefore, standing at either end of the boat takes a long, but light fir pole, which they rapidly and simultaneously strike into the

water, on the side next the land; and thus push their buoyant canoes up the strongest currents, at a rate scarcely conceivable. Very great dexterity is required to guide a boat in this manner, among the rocks and rapids they have to encounter: at some of the worst places, it is occasionally necessary that one should go on shore with a long rope, while the other remains in the stern with his pole.

The natives of Nummedal, or Naumdal, (for so this vale of the Namsen is called,) are capital boatmen: and there is no lack of them, at the tariff that has been established by English Anglers, viz. four marks per diem, for two men and a boat, they finding their own victuals. I had not been long arrived at Mediaa, before the same boatmen who had attended a friend of mine the previous year, came to offer their services, which I readily accepted; and we agreed to make our first essay at an early hour the next morning. Their names were Lorenz of Mediaa, and Eric of Grong; both

of them excellent boatmen, and obliging fellows: the former lives with his aged father, in a Gaard immediately adjoining my own quarters; and friends of mine have subsequently been well accommodated at his house.

With what nervous anxiety did I get my gear in order that evening! how carefully did I examine the splices of my rod, and try the strength of my lines! for I knew that they were no pigmy grilse that I was about to encounter. Before five o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth July, 1837, I first threw my line upon the waters of the Namsen; a day never to be forgotten in my piscatory annals. The river seemed to be in perfect order; and I had put on a most captivating fly, prepared for the occasion by Martin Kelly, of a size I should no where else have dreamed of using even in March.

What was to be its success? I was not long left in suspense; for within a quarter of an hour after leaving the bank, at the head of

the first stream, in the midst of the breaking water, I saw a large circle, and at the same moment felt I had firmly hooked a good fish. He instantly rushed down the rapid stream, plunging violently whenever in the slightest degree checked: and though we pulled at once for the shore, he had run out more than one hundred yards of line, before I could leap on the land. I then scrambled as well as I could after him, among the loose shingle, panting with agitation more than exertion, and wheeling up my line as fast as my aching muscles would permit. Most fortunately, notwithstanding the great length of line out, I was enabled to keep it clear of the rocks: and at length succeded in drawing my silvery foe into deeper and smoother water.

Not that he was by any means beaten as yet. Many a time did he run out the spinning reel, to my great alarm: many a race did he give me along the treacherous bank. However, conscious of the strength of my tackle, I made

him fight hard for every foot of line, and saw that he evidently came towards the land, with diminished energies after each struggle. My Swedish attendant being a novice in the art of gaffing, missed several opportunities that a Tweed Fisherman would have considered certain: but at length after three quarters of an hour of most splendid sport, the fish was successfully gaffed, and laid on the green sward. The hook was scarcely extracted from his mouth, when he was accurately weighed, and proved to be a trifle over twenty-eight pounds, exactly the weight of the largest Salmon I had ever before caught.

None but a brother Angler can appreciate my feelings at this success of my first essay on the Namsen: it seemed at once to justify all I had heard of its reputation. I afterwards rose four fish; two of which I killed without any great difficulty: each of them weighed fourteen pounds. The weather was sultrily hot, and by eight o'clock the sun was so power-

ful that no more fish would rise. I, therefore, returned to my breakfast not a little gratified with my morning's performance.

The heat continued so great throughout the day as to put fishing out of the question before the evening, when I again sallied forth; and it was not long ere I killed a fine Salmon of fifteen pounds weight, in one of the upper streams under the village of Grong.* I did not move another fish, until I came to the beautiful pool above Moe, (called Spækkan,) where I rose two. One of them escaped in a moment: but the other appeared to be well hooked, and notwithstanding his impetuous struggles and immense size (for none of those present estimated him *under* forty pounds) I had little fear for the result, in so spacious and unencumbered a pool as that where he was. I had played him for at least a quarter of an

* The position of the several localities mentioned in this description of my success on the Namsen, will be easily observed on the little map of the river appended to these volumes.

hour, and had controlled his first and most dangerous rushes; when to my inexpressible mortification I felt he was off, and eventually on drawing up the line, I found the hook fixed in a branch of a sunken tree, in which the fish had evidently entangled my tackle. What a trial for Philosophy! Notwithstanding this last mishap, however, I returned home quite satisfied of the Namsen's superiority to any other Salmon River I had ever fished; and could not help looking forward to the enjoyment of glorious sport during the four or five weeks that I intended devoting to it.

The very next day happened to be a day of rest. On the 17th we took the water by four o'clock; having discovered that after eight, the heat became insupportable. The high hopes with which I started seemed little likely to be realized; for I did not rise a fish until I came to Spækkan Pool, though I tried two miles of most likely water, with the greatest care. There, however, I hooked and killed a Salmon of

nineteen pounds, a handsome fish in any river; with which I returned to my quarters, and rested during the day.

The morning's experience had not made me very sanguine for the evening; and for the first two hours after our return to the river, I did not get a rise. At last, in the Reach under Quittum, I observed two or three fish spring, that apparently had only just run up from the lower part of the river. One of the largest of these, weighing thirteen pounds and a half, I soon killed; besides slightly hooking two others: I also caught a very small Grilse, of four pounds; one of several that I saw jump out of the water: whence it was evident that the Grilse were beginning to make their appearance from the sea.

I then came to my favourite pool above Moe, where I had scarcely begun to fish, when I hooked, and killed, after great sport, a beautiful fish, weighing twenty-six pounds; and shortly afterwards, in the lower part of the

same pool, I killed another of fourteen pounds. It was now eleven o'clock, and I, therefore, out of compassion to my men, proposed giving up; but in rowing across the pool for that purpose, I hooked a fine salmon of eighteen pounds, which I landed, after a long struggle, by the glorious twilight of an Arctic Midnight. This was so satisfactory a finish to a splendid day's sport, that I would try no more, but walked home, leaving them to pole the boat up at their leisure.

On arriving at Mediaa, I found my host and all the neighbouring farmers, working by moonlight, in order to escape the intense heat of the day. I had little anticipated that in these high latitudes I should find the direct heat of the sun almost as great as in Southern Italy. Yet so it is: and from the general stillness of the air in these confined Vallies, a sense of oppression is felt that quite incapacitates for exertion, during the middle of the day. The persecutions of the Insect world

I was better prepared to expect: but I did not fancy them the more tolerable for being anticipated. It is absolutely necessary for any man not furnished with the hide of a Rhinoceros, to wear gloves while fishing: and if the Angler be fond of smoking, he will find the fumes of his cigar a considerable protection to his face. I cannot say that I have been quite driven to the expedient of oiling my visage, which is said to be indispensable in Lapland.

Not only do the most venomous Musquitoes persecute you by the river side, but winged vermin of all sorts follow you into the recesses of your chamber, and seize on you when defenceless in your bed. They are intolerable nuisances in close, sultry weather: how grateful is the air that cools down the temperature, and for a while suspends their attacks!

After remaining on the water so late the previous night, I felt little inclined to start early the next morning; and therefore deferred fishing until the evening. In the course

of the morning I endeavoured to apportion, with as much equity as I could, the produce of yesterday's Angling, which amounted to nearly one hundred pounds. I had expected that Salmon at the Namsen would be like coals at Newcastle; but such was far from being the case. The natives had not yet learned the art of fly-fishing; and from the general character of the river, few parts can be netted, unless in very low water: besides which there are at this season much more urgent calls on their time. In the Autumn, when the Salmon frequent the shallows for the purposes of spawning, the peasants having by that time secured their harvest, destroy the poor fish with flambeaux, and an instrument exactly like the Scottish, and which they also here call the "Lyster." I found therefore that Salmon at this earlier season was a very important addition to the food of the poor people; and that if I wished to avoid jealousies, I must be careful in its distribution. I even-

tually laid it down as a sort of general rule, that one half of what I caught should be divided among the Bönder, whose land bordered the water I fished: the other half I reserved for my boatmen, my host, and myself: the latter by no means coming in for the Lion's share.

Having now fished the lower part two days following, and being desirous of seeing something of the upper course of the river, I proceeded in the evening, through the gorge I before mentioned, toward the village of Fossland, about two miles above Mediaa. I was greatly struck by the romantic character of the scenery. For some distance, the stream is hemmed in by very lofty and bold, dark crags, that sink perpendicularly into deep pools, as pure as crystal: at other spots, the rocks recede a little, but lose nothing of their height, or savage aspect.

I did not stop to fish before I reached the long pool above Fossland, called Lökke Gar by the natives, but which I have named "the

Eagles' Pool," from the circumstance of a pair of those birds invariably hovering over the neighbouring cliffs. I killed here a lively Salmon of fifteen pounds, and rose three others, one of them a good sized fish: but they all got away in the most provoking manner, which I attributed partly to the long continuance of sultry weather. I only rose one other on my way homewards: this sport was nothing in comparison to what I ought to have had in these splendid pools, which are favourite resting places of the largest fish.

The following afternoon, fishing below Mediaa, I only killed three small Grilse, and saw but one large Salmon rise: I therefore determined to leave this part of the River for a while, and run up to Fiskum Foss, with the hope of catching some of the fish already lodged there, before a flood should come.

The distance from Mediaa is not more than eight or nine miles: but from the character of the road, it can scarcely be accomplished

with carriages, in less than three hours. It is the narrowest path to be traversed by wheels I ever saw, and in several spots winds up and down frightful precipices: the horses too are little used to draught, and being shoeless cannot keep their footing, whenever the clay, of which most of the road is composed, has been rendered slippery by recent rains. Out of four times that I passed this way, I met with three bad accidents, that might have been worse: which so satisfied me that I had at last reached the end of all travellable roads, that on my subsequent visit to the Namsen, I always preferred a boat. As might be expected, however, from this description, much of the scenery is interestingly wild and picturesque.

After passing through the village of Glashoug, (more commonly called Gartland, or, Gothland, for I am not sure which is the most correct orthography,) we came within hearing, and soon within sight, of Fiskum Foss, which

we left the road to view to advantage. It is one of the finest Falls I have seen in Norway. The whole River precipitates itself at once over an almost perpendicular ledge of Gneiss, or Mica slate, in which quartz forms by far the principal ingredient. I should estimate its height to be from 100 to 150 feet: the scenery around is appropriately savage: the water of the most silvery brightness, that element can possibly assume. Often as I have viewed this noble Fall beneath the powerful rays of the noonday sun, or in the azure depth of an autumnal midnight, I never omitted on my way to and from my boat, to linger for a few moments on a knoll whence it is best commanded, and contemplated each time with fresh pleasure its varying aspects.

About a mile further we came to the hamlet of Fiskum, where I intended to lodge, at a farmhouse, which a friend of mine had occupied the preceding summer. I found it even worse than it had been described to me. It

consisted of the usual collection of log-houses, ranged more or less together; but they all had a more than usually dilapidated appearance, and that nameless air of discomfort which at once gives the most unfavourable impression as to the order and tidiness to be expected within.

An inspection of the interior only confirmed this impression. The rooms were gloomy and dirty; the windows broken; the doors would not shut; the furniture was poor; the crockery most scanty. The desolate look of the domicile was doubtless increased by the absence of the family at the Sætter, seven or eight miles off: and perhaps my feelings towards it were somewhat embittered from not being able to obtain any thing better than dry barley cake, and bad salt herrings, wherewith to satisfy a craving mountain appetite. Upon this insufficient fare, washed down with a little Cognac, myself and two Englishmen who had accompanied me to see the Foss, were fain to dine *al fresco*.

Yet was the scene not without charms that soon made us forget our meagre meal, and chilling reception. The majestic Heimdal-hougen, and many other heights of lesser note, gave an Alpine character to the back ground; while the broad Vale, that bordered the river at our feet, was covered with luxuriant crops of barley, and potatoes. But where were the cultivators? for no human being, but ourselves, was visible in the wide prospect we commanded. All at this season were either with their cattle at the mountain Sætters; or were cutting grass along the slopes and dells of the lower hills.

The smooth sweep of the river was visible up to the verge of the precipice over which it so suddenly plunges: a perpetual column of spray rose above the abyss, wherein it is received: and the cataract's eternal roar, now dying in the distance, now swelling on the ear, with the fitful wind, added Nature's voice to complete the magic of the scene. Such was my first introduction to "Minimum

House;" for so we christened our quarters, as affording the minimum of comforts, with which an Englishman, accustomed to the conveniences of life, will put up for the sake of sport.

Meanwhile, however, a messenger had been despatched with all speed to the Sætter; and before night, not only the most important members of the family, but also (scarce less important) a cow and a plentiful supply of delicious butter, arrived. On our parts also we had not been idle; so that affairs looked much more promisingly, when I retired to rest, after making all my arrangements for opening the campaign early the next morning.

My host, Eric, and his son, Ole, offered to be my boatmen: and better rowers, more obliging and willing fellows, I never would wish to have. If only the lady of the house had possessed a similar character, I should have been sufficiently comfortable: but I found her not only now, but after a long acquaintance,

far from intelligent, very far from cleanly, and still further from being industrious. She was glad enough to finger the money; but, with her own consent, would give herself little trouble to earn it.

I was unexpectedly waked the next morning by a friend, who had promised to join me on the Namsen; but wished first to see the sun at midnight, near Tornea. Having satisfactorily accomplished this object, he had crossed the mountains to Værdal, and had travelled night and day till he overtook me. Wishing to discuss our mutual adventures, we fished together in the same boat: but partly owing to the sultry state of the weather, and more to our ignorance of the river, had very indifferent sport. We only rose three or four fish, and I killed but one of eleven pounds, which at any rate insured us a dinner for the following day, a matter of no trifling importance.

We had found it so inconvenient to angle in one boat, that the next day we took each

our own: but in consequence of the extreme heat of the day, thought it not advisable to sally forth until the afternoon. Leaving my friend the upper pools, I shot down the "Long Rapid," and came to the beautiful pool below Rossætter, which we have named "Jacob's Pool," from its surly proprietor.* It was full of Salmon: indeed, whenever the Angler finds few or none there, he must calculate on little sport elsewhere.

At this place I rose twelve fish within a couple of hours: six of them I lost by what I thought ill luck, as much as ill management. One I then believed, and still believe, to be the largest I ever hooked: he was lying on the verge of a sunken ledge, immediately beyond which the water is said to be fifty feet deep. The instant he took the fly, he plunged head foremost into the crystal depth,

* The reader will easily follow these details by referring to the little map of this part of the Namsen, appended to this volume.

like a whale "sounding;" and cut my line against the edge of the rock. From the good view we had of his enormous length and breadth, and the whirlpool he caused in his descent, we were all convinced he could not be under fifty pounds—probably more.

Another salmon of at least thirty pounds ran the line out with the rapidity usual to the giants of the Namsen; when unluckily the handle of the swiftly whirling reel caught for a moment in a chain I foolishly wore round my neck, and in an instant the enormously strong gut was snapped asunder like packthread.

I have seldom seen a large fish in this river take his capture quietly: his first rush is usually tremendous; and if at that time he meet with the least check, no tackle, however good and strong, will bear the sudden strain. Several times have I had 150 yards of line run out within the first half minute: and it was not before I had lost many noble

fish, that I learned how to manage them properly. At first I made it a rule, under all circumstances, to row to land, as soon as possible after hooking a salmon: the consequence of which often was, that the fish was already more than 100 yards down the rapid stream, ere I reached the shore; and before I could shorten my line, there was every risk, from its length and the character of the stream, of its being carried under a rock.

After I had become better acquainted with the tactics of these monsters, and had taught my boatmen what to do, I found it in general by far the best plan, to follow the fish, in the boat, with a short and tight line, (the point of the rod being well raised up,) until his first energies were baffled, and he was brought into a good roomy place; and then to land. Sometimes, indeed, after running down the stream, he would rush up it again with almost equal rapidity, and perhaps on the opposite side; when, unless he were soon turned, he was

almost sure to escape, as the torrent inevitably carried the line far below the fish, and deprived me of all command over the struggling victim.

All these difficulties of course infinitely enhance the satisfaction of successfully steering a huge monster through them all, into a secure basin, whence one feels there is little fear of his escaping. My boatmen usually were so attentive, as to perceive the rise and hooking of a salmon, almost as soon as I did myself: and if it appeared to be what we called "a Specie Fish" (I allowed a specie dollar, or four shillings, for every salmon I killed of thirty pounds, as an encouragement to the men) there was an exclamation of excitement, and perhaps a little unsteadiness for a moment, that a single word from me checked.

The utmost attention was requisite, on the part both of the Angler and boatmen, particularly for the first few moments. If, as was generally the case with a large fish, he rushed like lightning down the stream, he must be

allowed a free line: should it be checked in the slightest degree, he was assuredly lost. Perhaps he would run up the stream much quicker than we could follow him: perhaps he would strike directly across to the further side of the pool; more rarely he would suddenly rush towards the boat, in which case it was difficult to prevent the line becoming loose. But under all circumstances, my object was, as soon as his movements were sufficiently decided, to follow them with the boat as closely as I could, with as short a line as possible, always feeling him firmly, but never pressing on him at first, so as to irritate him.

In case the spot where I had hooked a salmon appeared tolerably favourable, I endeavoured to prevent his leaving it: but not unfrequently, after being turned two or three times, he would give an angry splash or two, and rush down the river, with a determination not to be controlled. "I cannot hold him: he will take the rapid! be ready, we must follow

him! now then for it!" A nervous moment! to shoot down a Norwegian rapid, with its glancing waves, and threatening rocks; and with a thirty pound salmon springing some forty or fifty yards lower down, and tugging furiously at the line like a wild beast.

But should this dangerous passage be safely accomplished, and the fish be brought into a spacious, tranquil pool, the Angler has nothing to do but to land on the freest and most unencumbered shore, and then bear firmly and stoutly on his prey, to the full strength of his tackle. Half an hour of such treatment will bring the most vigorous of the tribe, panting and helpless to the bank; the only fear being lest the hold should give way, which even with the immense hooks I employed was occasionally the case, from the great strain necessarily kept up for so long a time.

Otherwise, he is dragged gradually to the rocky shore; the inexpert Northern makes two or three clumsy, ineffectual attempts at

gaffing, the alarm of which gives the poor fish a momentary vigour: but at last he is brought so palpably and unresistingly alongside, that even Peder, can no longer miss him, and as soon as I have well ascertained that he is fairly landed, and have heard the exclamations at his unexpected weight, I throw myself on the green bank, to relax my muscles and nerves from their excitement and fatigue.

Notwithstanding the loss of the fine salmon that has given occasion to this digression, I killed six fish on my first visit to Jacob's Pool: five of which were small grilse, but one was upwards of twenty-four pounds, and gave me excellent sport. In a neighbouring stream, I rose six more fish, and killed one of thirteen pounds. On my return home, I was sorry to find my friend had been by no means so successful in the upper part of the river.

The next day being the Sabbath, and therefore an idle day, we were honoured by a large levee, of both sexes, anxious to catch a glimpse

of the strangers. Whenever our door was opened, tier above tier of curious faces might be seen peering into our room; and upon the slightest encouragement it was half filled with young and old, who gazed, and wondered, and ejaculated to each other, at every trifling article of our home manufactures we chose to exhibit. Among others, was a very aged crone, almost blind, led by her granddaughter; who had come some distance, in order to see an Englishman before she died.

There were also two Finn girls, who had given up the wandering life of the Fjeld, for a fixed service in an adjoining Gaard. They had the characteristic features, the square face, the high cheek bones, the sunken eyes set in the corner of their sockets, and the ordinary stature of the Laplanders: and as my companion was considerably over, and myself not much under, six feet, they were, I doubt not, duly impressed with what must appear to them the gigantic proportions of the sons of Albion.

The Parish of Grong, in which we were, extends to the borders both of Nordland, and Sweden. At its Northern extremity, among the mountains from which the Namsen takes its rise, there is a considerable establishment of Finns, or Laplanders: for whom two Chapels have recently been built. The Priest visits them for about two or three weeks during the height of the summer; and gives them what instruction he can, his words being interpreted by his clerk. The rising generation are, however, rapidly acquiring the Norsk language, a knowledge of which is now absolutely required before they can be admitted to Confirmation, the great rite of the Lutheran Church. The distance from Fiskum to the principal encampment of the Lapps is between forty and fifty miles: but as it can only be performed on horseback or on foot, even in the finest weather, it requires two long and severe days to reach it. Their habits are too well known to need description.

In the evening it rained heavily, which promised to cool the intense sultriness of the weather, and to bring up the large fish; for we were universally assured these follow the grilse, with the first flood. On Monday the 24th, my success was scarcely so great as I had anticipated. During the whole day I killed four salmon, the largest of which weighed twenty pounds, and two white trout, of about three pounds each. I lost, however, as many more, which I of course judged to be much heavier.

The following day I went a little lower down the river than I had hitherto done, to the Pool under Gothland, at the head of the Long Reach. It seemed to be full of salmon, fresh run up, that had never seen a fly before; amongst which I had splendid sport. In this one pool alone I caught six fish: four of them of good size. The largest weighed upwards of thirty pounds, and took me above an hour to kill, notwithstanding he was in a good place: I thought he never would be tired. I also rose

several others; and killed a grilse in another pool. The total weight I caught this day was 103 pounds, the greatest I had as yet to record.

Thinking we had given these upper pools a good trial, and that the lower part of the river must be swarming with salmon, we determined the next day to return to Mediaa by water. I passed rapidly over the higher streams, until I came to the first of the Fossland water, that which is named in the map the Head Fossland Pool. Here I soon hooked two very large fish, which consecutively broke my strong treble gut, by running it under the rocks, with which this place abounds. Neither of them were an ounce under thirty pounds: with the others I was more fortunate, killing six salmon, and two fine white trout; total weight upwards of eighty pounds.

One of the former, a very powerful fish, I hooked close to a large rock in the centre of the river, at the bottom of the "Eagles' Pool."

He fought very hard for his life, and ran into very dangerous places, so as to make me often quake for the result: he proved to be a male, between thirty-one and thirty-two pounds, very long, not deep, and ought to have been heavier. It is in this part of the river, about Fossland, that the heaviest fish have almost invariably been killed.

We received a warm welcome from our old friends at Mediaa; but were disappointed to hear that the Salmon were all supposed to have run up to Fiskum Foss. The list appended to these volumes will sufficiently explain the tenor of my sport for the next few days: the only comment I need make, to account partly for my success not being greater than it was, is that I invariably fished after my friend, and the weather had again become extremely sultry.

Having satisfied ourselves that at this season the upper part of the Namsen was much the best, we soon returned to Fiskum. I went by land, leaving my companion to fish up the

river: and as I found I had two or three hours in the evening, I took my rod to try the "Boat Pool," with little expectation of success. However, in a very short time I caught two pretty Salmon of sixteen and fifteen pounds, besides a couple of grilse, and a white trout nearly six pounds: a delightful evening's sport under all the circumstances.

The sultry heat again terminated in heavy rain; so that by Monday morning the river was quite flooded. It seemed useless to attempt fishing: but at length, being tired of staying in-doors, I sallied forth in the afternoon: and in spite of the foaming and discoloured appearance of the water, soon hooked five Salmon, not one of which, I am convinced, was under twenty pounds. The two that I killed, weighed twenty-eight and twenty-seven pounds. It was very evident that the heavy fish had really begun to ascend the Namsen, as had been predicted: and I augured great success for the morrow.

Not without reason: the water had fallen, the clouds were scudding merrily across the welkin, the air was clear, bracing, exhilarating. None but Salmon of the largest size were moving: I killed five, which together weighed 117 pounds, an extraordinary average; and I besides rose seven others of at least equal calibre. One the biggest (of twenty-four pounds) being hooked foul, gave me great trouble to land.

The following day also I had good sport; for though I only killed four Salmon, weighing seventy pounds, I hooked and played, and almost landed several others, of the first class. I this day fished as close to the Fall, as we could approach with safety; indeed, more than once I thought we were irrecoverably lost; none but such light boats as ours, manned by brave and active rowers, could possibly live in the war of waves we encountered.

The force with which this immense body of water rushes over a precipice, 150 feet in height, may be faintly imagined. Rising thence

out of an abyss, whose depth is unknown, it is tossed violently against a lofty wall of rocks that breast the Fall, whence it retreats, seething and foaming, in a thousand eddies; and finally tears and jostles its headlong way, through a narrow passage, into a deep and quiet pool, named "Karnen's Pool," from a woman who was drowned there long ago.

Next follows a shallow stream, where spawning fish are speared in the Autumn: but few lie there at any other season. This short stream flows into what I have named the "Boat Pool," (from our boats lying there,) one of the most spacious and best on the river, especially late in the year. Then comes the "Long Rapid;" which may be described as an inclined plane of water, 600 or 800 yards in length, and full of huge stones just beneath the surface, which by their resistance throw back the rushing torrent in so many tumultuous waves. It requires the utmost dexterity and presence of mind to steer safely through these

breakers, any one of which would swamp the boat.

It is but a momentary operation: the boat is carefully placed stern foremost at the head of the Rapid; you see a fearful vista of wild waves below you; the frail bark shoots down with lightning speed; in an instant more, the glancing waters rise fiercely on either side, as if to overwhelm you; you seem just to elude their grasp; and before you have time to ascertain whether you are frightened, or not, you are safely arrived at the bottom. The narrow stream issuing from the Foss Pool, named the "Foss Rapid," though shorter is still more dangerous: but an accident at either spot must necessarily be fatal; and I confess it was not until experience had convinced me of the dependence I might repose on my boatmen, that I learned to encounter either passage with perfect equanimity.

Below the Long Rapid, the Namsen divides into two branches; neither of which afford

good Angling, except in peculiar states of the water. Next follows "Jacob's Pool;" take it for all in all, the best on this, or any other river with which I am acquainted. I never knew it to be without fish: and there is ample verge and scope enough to play the hugest and most violent leviathan from morn till dewy eve.

The river then makes a sudden bend to the right: and in the stream under the banks that thus bridle its course, good fish may often be killed, but they do not stay long there. The spacious pool that immediately succeeds would appear to the eye one of the best on the Namsen: I must say, however, that I have never had any sport in it.

The "Gartland Pool" (where the Namsen again resumes nearly its first direction) is very variable: occasionally I have not had a rise there; but frequently I have killed more fish in it, than in any other for the day. This Pool opens into the "Long Reach," a

mile's length of comparatively still water, resembling one of the "Doves," on the Tweed; but affording little or no chance for the Angler.

At its termination commences the Fossland Water, which for two or three miles presents a succession of splendid pools, and rapid streams, full of rocks, perilous to the tackle, but not dangerous in any other sense. These pools cannot always be depended on for sport: but they are at most times, the favourite resort of the largest fish; a great proportion of the heaviest Salmon, killed on the Namsen, having been caught here.

To this general description of the upper part of the River, I need only add that the immediate scenery of its banks is of so magnificently wild a character, as would abundantly recompense an enthusiast of the picturesque, even if not a single Salmon frequented its pure waters. A mighty and rapid river environed by extremely lofty precipices, covered with bold pines, must ever be a grand object.

But the beauties of the Namsen are still further increased by the numerous bends it makes, and the consequent variety of the pictures it presents.

Then, though the dark pines do usually dip their boughs into the very waters, occasionally there are verdant spots cleared of wood, where during the hay season troops of peasants may be seen cutting and turning the scanty grass. No Gaard is within miles; but to each of these woodland glades is attached one, or two log-huts, wherein the half green hay is stored, to be carried home during the winter, as occasion may require.

These "Hö-lade," or hay-barns, as they are called, supplied my usual dining and sleeping rooms. Soon after midday, my attendants, if not myself, were sure to feel very hungry, upon which we selected the most convenient log-house for our repast and repose: and there stretched upon the perfumed hay, in full view of a favourite pool, ate our humble fare with

a zest unknown to more splendid saloons. My meal seldom consisted of any thing but cold broiled salmon, and potatoes, with barley cakes, and the best butter in the world: yet, I never enjoyed better health in my life, or felt stronger, lighter, and more active.

We once tried the experiment of killing a lamb: but as we were obliged by the heat of the weather, to slaughter it the same day it was to be dressed, we found it unmasticably tough the first day; the second it was tainted, the third it was totally uneatable. I occasionally shot a few ducks, and some golden plover, which improved my larder; but rarely met with any other game, the first season I was at the Namsen; although it will be seen in the sequel that on my subsequent visit to these parts, I was much more fortunate in that respect.

I must not, however, entirely forget the running commentary on my list of killed and lost, which I had commenced; especially since,

as I have mentioned, the larger fish had undeniably made their appearance with the flood in the last days of July.

On August 3rd, I fished down to Fossland, with the intention of catching some Salmon for the poor people there; as I had heard they complained of not coming in for any share of the money and food the English stranger was dispensing at Fiskum and Mediaa.

I had a capital day's sport. At the very first start, in the Boat Pool, I killed a male fish, of twenty-five pounds, the longest and fiercest I had yet met with; besides losing another of equal size, from the hold giving way, just as we were about to gaff him. In the Gothland Pool, I landed one of twenty-eight pounds: and at the bottom of the "Eagles' Pool," I killed a beautiful Salmon, upwards of thirty pounds, which showed me splendid sport, being very strong and wild. I also caught one of sixteen pounds, and a small Grilse on the way; so that the total weight

was 104 pounds, and made a very pretty show in the boat.

As we were upon the point of landing, one of the boatmen declared he saw "Cobbe," *i. e.* a Seal; of whom I had before heard vague rumours, but conceived it must be a large Otter, not thinking that Seals would pursue the Salmon forty or fifty miles up a river, from the sea. However, I was but too soon convinced that at least two or three of these enemies of fish and fishermen had followed the late shoal of Salmon, and would remain as long as they should be undisturbed.

Upon trying the Fossland Pools, next day, where I had every reason to anticipate great success, I found them most unaccountably void of fish: I only rose four, through the entire day, and caught but two small ones, of eleven and six pounds. It was evidently, therefore, useless to stay at Fossland any longer for the present; although I had found my quarters much preferable to those at Fis-

kum. The wife is active, and anxious to do her best; the husband I believe to mean well, but he is slow and stupid, as if perpetually half tipsy. This, however, could scarcely be the case, as I was unable for love or money to procure a bottle of spirits for my Fiskum boatmen, in the whole hamlet of Fossland: the folk there are wretchedly poor.

On my return the next day to Fiskum I was not more successful: I hooked two large fish in the upper Fossland Pool, but they both broke the gut near the head of the fly. No others did I see for some time. In the Long Reach, however, I received a full explanation of all my misfortunes: for there I saw in the wake of our boat the bull-dog head of an enormous Seal, gazing intently at us. I took an opportunity when he was not more than fifty yards off, to send a charge of duck shot into his head and breast: and from the violent splashing he made on the top of the water, we at first imagined he was killed. However,

he soon reappeared for a single second a couple of hundred yards below us; and then as momentarily rose and sank, lower and lower down the river, as far as we could see; in such a way as quite satisfied us he would not rest till he had regained his native ocean.

On reaching Jacob's Pool, we observed the Salmon rising in a very agitated manner, which made us suspect the presence of another enemy: and it was not long before we perceived a much smaller Seal in determined pursuit of the scared creatures: unfortunately I could not get a shot at him. Finally, in the Boat Pool, just as we were on the point of leaving off, an enormous Salmon dashed at the fly, but missed it: and although I tried him with every variety of flies, I could not persuade him to rise again. And thus, for the first time on the Namsen, I was compelled to return home without a single fish, either for my boatmen, or my own Sunday's dinner.

Monday 7th, was oppressively sultry: in the

early morning, and late evening, I caught two fine Salmon of twenty-two and eighteen pounds, besides rising three smaller. The next day, the rain which had so long threatened, came down in torrents, and soon flooded the river, putting Angling out of the question, as I thought, for some days. However, on the 9th, the skies cleared so pleasantly, that I was induced by two natives who had come a considerable distance on purpose to see me fish, to sally forth late in the afternoon.

We found the river in high, roaring flood, and much discoloured; therefore affording little prospect of sport. Nevertheless, to my own astonishment, and the infinite delight of my Norwegian friends, I hooked three fine Salmon in the very first pool; and after long play landed two, of twenty-five and eighteen pounds respectively, besides a Grilse. I had just time before night, (for the days are shortening with melancholy rapidity!) to kill another splendid fish of twenty-two pounds.

Considering the shortness of the time I had been out, and the size of the Salmon I killed, I naturally calculated on very great success, the following day. Alas! for sublunary hopes! I began badly: I soon hooked, and brought close to land, a Salmon of fifteen or sixteen pounds which my attendant gaffed, but carelessly let slip off! again I brought it to him, and he missed it! In drawing it to him the third time, the poor creature managed to break its hold, and wriggle out of our reach into the stream, there soon to perish.

In the lower pools, we found, as we had expected, "Cobbe" there before us. Having learned from fatal experience that either he or I must quit the river, I was prepared with my gun, and took a fair opportunity of aiming at him: the gun missed fire! This made him so shy, that it was some time before I could get a long shot at him; which, however, evidently told on his head, and sent him frightened down

the river, in exactly the same style and at the same pace, as the first, no more to trouble us. I altogether rose seven good fish, four of which appeared well hooked: but my Scotch flies broke twice; and although I persevered until it was dark, I killed but one salmon, of eighteen pounds. A regularly unlucky day.

The next, however, was worse. It was again so intensely hot, that I did not proceed to the river until the afternoon; making sure of finding a few large salmon in the uppermost pools. Not one was to be seen anywhere, except immediately under the Fall; where the quantity of water rendered it impossible to approach. It was evident that the Seal had completely scared the Salmon out of all the other places: and though I was enabled the next day to reach the Foss Pool, at a considerable risk, I could not induce a fish to rise in the very small portion of it that I could command: and thus for the fourth time returned to my quarters without a single salmon.

I began seriously to meditate a retreat Southwards, when another flood came, which determined me to wait, and see whether it would not bring up fresh fish. During the continuance of the rain I went out on the 14th, and in the shallow streams which I had ascertained to afford the only chance during a flood, I rose four salmon, but only killed one, of sixteen pounds, the others being very badly hooked. I this day also caught two brown trout of two and three pounds, respectively; they are almost the only ones of that species I have taken in the Namsen, where they are rare, from the scarcity of food contained in rivers that flow over silicious rocks.

The rain still continued on the 15th; but I was not to be detained all day within doors: so putting on the largest and gaudiest flies my pooket book could supply, I tried one or two of the best streams, flooded and foaming though they were. In the Namsen one need not be discouraged by either the colour or size

of the water. I rose five salmon, but only hooked two; with one of which, a hook made by Evatt broke at the bend, I presume from striking against a bone. The other I hooked from the land, in a back water by the side of "Karnen's Pool;" a noted spot for large fish in times of flood.

The first jump it made showed me what a monster I had hold of: and three quarters of an hour of most severe play convinced me of its immense strength and activity. At last, however, it was compelled to yield; and proved to be the heaviest, as well as much the longest fish, I had hitherto caught. It weighed thirty-four pounds; but its length, which was exactly three feet eleven inches and a half, was greatly disproportioned to its girth. The men declared it to be one of the aged females, which no longer spawn; and that if it had been shaped like younger fish, it would have exceeded forty pounds.

Too many symptoms of the waning season

impressed upon me the necessity of soon bidding adieu to my hyperborean quarters: most of the nights were already frosty, and the days were very perceptibly shortened. August 16th accordingly, I bade adieu to Minimum house, with much regret, notwithstanding all its discomforts; and fished down to Fossland, where I had promised to stay for a couple of days.

On my way, I enjoyed the best day's sport that this visit to the Namsen afforded: I rose twenty-five fish, of which I killed six, weighing together 122 pounds; but played besides several others of great size, which eventually escaped. I was broken seven or eight times; my flies and tackle having become much the worse for the long wear and tear they had suffered. My next day in the Fossland Pools was scarcely inferior: I rose nineteen, and killed eight fish, of which four, however, were small grilse. The weather was far too hot and bright: or I should doubtless have had more success.

The next day was still hotter; in addition to which, three Englishmen who were staying at Gothland, fished the same water.

However, so great was the abundance of large Salmon in this part of the river, that I rose fourteen, mostly of first-rate size. Of these I landed six; two of them a kind of diminutive Salmon (not grilse) that had lately appeared in the Namsen, and which, the boatmen insisted, belonged properly to the Bangsund river. Of the other four, one weighed nearly thirty-four pounds, and another full thirty-seven pounds. The latter was the heaviest Salmon I was destined to kill on this occasion: its length was precisely the same as that of the one I caught at Fiskum, *viz.* three feet eleven and a half inches: its greatest girth was twenty-seven inches. It was a male, with an enormous mouth and hook: and gave me a good hour's most splendid sport in the "Eagles' Pool."

These last few days had given me some idea of what Salmon fishing may be, on this

glorious river. Although the weather was extremely unfavourable, there was not a single day that I did not hook many fish, considerably over thirty pounds: and if I had not been either unlucky or inexpert, to the highest degree, (I dare not say which,) I might have each day more than doubled the amount that appears on my list.

At this distance of time, I can hardly conceive how I tore myself away from a spot where such magnificent Angling was to be had. However, the next morning I went to Mediaa, where I fished for a couple of days; but found that all the large fish had run up from that part of the river into the upper pools: so that the conclusion of my first introduction to the Namsen was far from being so brilliant as I could have wished. Moreover, the weather seemed to be quite broken up, and suddenly became very cold. The Aurora Borealis was frequently seen; the potatoes were frostbitten in exposed situations; winter, in short,

threatened soon to approach; and I had a long journey of 1500 miles before me. After a day or two's visit, therefore, to the amiable Priest at Værum, I finally bade adieu to the noble stream, which I shall never forget; and returned by Bangsund, &c., to Trondhjem: whence I took the road by Rogstad and Röraas, to Christiania.

It will be seen by the list appended to the second volume, that I fished parts of thirty-one consecutive days, on the Namsen, excepting Sundays: four of these proved *blank*, owing chiefly to the Seals and the weather: but in the remaining twenty-seven days, I caught 106 Salmon, which together weighed 1558 pounds; besides twelve white trout, thirty-six pounds. Nine of the Salmon weighed thirty pounds and upwards; thirty-three, or nearly one third of the whole, weighed twenty pounds and upwards, each. Splendid as this result was for a stranger not adequately provided for the monsters I had to encounter, the slightest

glance at the meagre details I have above given, will show what infinitely better sport I ought to have had.

Those details have run to such length, that I must defer till my description of a subsequent visit to the Namsen, any observations I made in Nummedal, on subjects not immediately connected with my piscatory pursuits. But I cannot help again guarding my reader against concluding that I was so absorbed by my passion for Angling, as to be inattentive to the objects of beauty and interest around me. On the contrary, although I made no lengthened excursion from the banks of the Namsen, I frequently dived into the very depths of the primæval forests, where, if I saw but little game, I at least met with scenes of surpassing grandeur and loneliness.

It was my constant habit to mix, and converse with people of all ranks, as well as my imperfect acquaintance with the language would permit: and nowhere, I conceive, can

the primitive character and customs of the Norwegians be observed to greater advantage, than here. From their position, the natives of Nummedal have experienced little intermixture with others, and therefore live and think much as their forefathers did. Generally speaking, they are an extraordinarily fine race of men both for height and shape: and among the females I observed more beauty, than any where else in Norway.

Kindness of manner towards each other, and towards strangers; honesty, patience, industry, contentment, are qualities they possess in an eminent degree. As an instance of their honesty, I never saw a door fastened, and seldom shut, by night or by day: as a proof of their kindness of heart, I never witnessed a quarrel among them, except upon one occasion, when several expressed great indignation with one of their own body, who annoyed me a little by attempting to angle before me, (the only man who had then acquired any knowledge of

fly fishing,) and they threatened to throw him and his rod into the water, if he persisted.

Poor People! many of them were in a wretched state of destitution. In consequence of the successive failures of their crops, all were compelled to mix powder made of the inner rind of the fir tree with their barley meal; and several used nothing else but "bark bread," a most nauseous and inadequate article of food. It was, therefore, a great satisfaction to know that the produce of my sport formed a really important addition to the wholesome nutriment of the district: for which, as well as for the little money I disbursed among them, I received grateful thanks, together with the expression of strong wishes that I would realize my promise of revisiting their Valley; a promise I was not loth to make, and still more delighted, two years after, to be able to fulfil.

CHAPTER VII.

Return to Christiania—Storthing of 1839—Norwegian Constitution—Road to Bergen—Sölvsberg—County of Valders—Beauty of Scenery—Passage of the Fille Fjeld—Nystuen—Good shooting quarters—Mariestuen—Vindhallen—Leirdalsören—Horse fair—Sogne Fjord—Waterfalls—Hougianers—Skjolden—Difficult passage over the mountains to Lom—Wild and grand character—Lemmings—Curiosity of the Natives—The Clergy—Destitution of the poor—"Echoing Vale"—A Norwegian Farewell.

On my second visit to the Namsen in 1839, I took care to reach Norway, in sufficient time to allow of a previous ramble over some of the highest mountain chains of the west, which I had heard to contain the grandest scenery in Northern Europe. By leaving England in the very beginning of May, I was enabled to make a considerable tour in Sweden, and yet arrive at Christiania by the first days of June. My stay there was, as before, rendered extremely

agreeable, as well as instructive, by the distinguished hospitality of the Stadholder, and also of several of my friends among the Professors, and Merchants.

I considered myself very fortunate in being at the capital during the sitting of the Storthing, or Norwegian Parliament. Its mode of election, constitution, and method of transacting business, have been so fully described, that I need not enter into these subjects. It is well known that it meets every third year, on the first of February: and it continues sitting as long as there is business of importance before it. This year the sittings lasted more than six months, to the great inconvenience of many of the members: and if the country continue to advance in wealth, and civilization, there can be no doubt that the business of the nation will accumulate at such a ratio as to preclude the possibility of its being satisfactorily transacted with the present machinery.

It is a great bar to improvements of every

kind that they are subjected to this triennial delay: for, as little power as possible being intrusted to the executive by the Constitution, the Storthing appropriates to itself the consideration of all matters, from almost the very highest affairs, to the minutest details. It is moreover sensitively jealous of the slightest encroachment on what it claims as its prerogatives: and therefore none dare incur the responsibility of any manifestly good measure, unauthorized by the national council: for in Norway, responsibility is not a mere word, or empty threat, but a fact of daily enforcement, even where the best intentions can be proved. The great objection to the more frequent assembling of the Storthing is the immense distance that many of the members are obliged to travel; and the consequent length of time taken up by the journey: the improvement of the roads, together with the establishment of Steam Boats, will probably diminish this objection.

The Storthing of 1839 consisted of ninety-

six members, of whom about one fourth were Priests, as many Bönder, or Peasant Proprietors; and the remaining half, Merchants, or Military and Civil officers. The independent country gentleman is a character unknown in Norway: and the official Members of the Government are jealously excluded; one necessary consequence of which is, always considerable delay, and not unfrequently mistakes, from there being no one on the spot capable of giving official information. The Bönder are usually shrewd, intelligent men within their own sphere, but of course unequal to take an enlarged view of state politics. They notoriously resist, as far as they can, all expenditure of public money; and where two sums are proposed, invariably, vote for the lowest, with a spirit that would delight Mr. Hume. They are respectable in their demeanour, and in their dress, which is the usual holiday suit of their respective districts; but are easily distinguishable from the rest.

Each Member of the Storthing receives three dollars a day, besides his travelling expenses: and as the Bönder do not spend on an average more than one fifth of this sum, they are enabled after a long session to lay by a pretty little capital, which, I fear, makes it too much a pecuniary object with them to acquire a seat in Parliament. The house meets at nine in the morning, and continues sitting till two P.M. when the members all dine: besides which committees sit in the evening from four P.M. till eight, or nine o'clock, according to the work before them.

There is a commodious gallery for strangers; and not even a door-keeper to prevent any one whatever from entering to hear the debates, which I frequently did. They appeared to be conducted in a simple, straightforward, business-like manner; in fact, very much in the same way as the private business of our House of Commons is transacted, in the early part of the evening, before the party questions come on.

I never witnessed anything like a speech for the newspapers, or to excite the applause of their party: their observations were sensible and to the point, and seemed to be exclusively directed to the Speaker, who evidently occupies a more important position, than with us. The President this year was a Priest, named Rittervold, whose face and air gave indication of the superior intelligence he is acknowledged to possess.

On the whole, the Constitution of 1814 has answered at least as well as could be anticipated, during a quarter of a century of uninterrupted tranquillity. But even its most ardent admirers (and they are many and zealous) confess that it is susceptible of improvement: while those best acquainted with it and the position of the country, seem universally to feel that it is not equal to the momentous emergencies that another twenty-five years may bring forth; nor even to that full developement of the domestic and external

relations of Norway, which its rapid advance in population and civilization may be expected to require. However, so general is the fear lest, if the door be once opened for the correction of defects, the opportunity be taken to abrogate the valuable parts of the Constitution, that nothing but a strong conviction of necessity will ever induce the great mass of the Norwegians to consent to any alteration whatever.

June commenced with a succession of such glorious weather, that I felt emboldened to attack the Mountains of the West, as soon as my necessary preparations were completed. Accordingly, early on the morning of the 13th, I set out through Ringeriget, for the Fille Fjeld, on the road to Bergen.

Having acquired a tolerable smattering of the language, since my last visit to Norway, I could dispense with an Interpreter; and, therefore preferred taking a man whom I met with at the Hôtel du Nord, although he spoke

nothing but Norsk. His name was Peder Arnoodsen; and he proved a very useful, honest, and obliging domestic. I had an excellent Carriole for myself: Peder travelled in a sort of tax cart I had brought from Sweden: the heavier luggage was despatched, with the Forbud, in a peasant's cart.

The first day's journey brought us to Klekkan, by the route I have already described: but the splendid prospect over Ringeriget, from the Krogkleven, seen as it was under the most favourable accidents of weather, lost none of its enchantment from having been previously enjoyed. Let the Tourist remember, that much the finest view is obtained from the higher point *on the left hand* side of the road as he comes from Christiania; that from the lower platform, *on the right hand,* though easier of access, is every way inferior.

The second day's journey passed chiefly along the Randes Fjord, a Lake fifty or sixty miles in length. It is a fine sheet of water,

particularly towards its Northern end, where its features assume considerable boldness: but to my taste this is not sufficient to atone for the absence of that softness and beauty, that characterise Lake Mjösen, with which it runs nearly parallel. Randes Fjord is too narrow, both for its length, and the scale of the surrounding scenery; neither is it sufficiently indented with winding bays.

At Gran I stopped a few hours, in order to visit the neighbouring mountain of Sölvsberg, mentioned by Keilhau as one of the best examples he knows of his favourite passage of rocks into each other. I examined it with the greatest attention on the North Eastern side, where there is an excellent section: but, I must confess, I could observe nothing to favour his peculiar theory.

The chief rock is a schist, passing from a soft friable shale at the Southern end, into a hard slate at the Northern extremity. This latter partly abuts against, and is partly super-

imposed upon, a vast mass of coarse syenitic grit, which shows every appearance of having been violently protruded from beneath; forasmuch as the previously horizontal strata of the schist are there most distinctly heaved up into a nearly vertical position, and, besides being indurated, are full of egg shaped vesicles. Instead therefore of finding in Sölvsberg an undeniable disproof of all Volcanic theories, I could only view it as a striking instance of their confirmation.

Close to the next station, Ougedal, is a pretty little stream, which is said to abound with trout: not having heard of this in time, I could not give it a trial. Hence to Thomlevolden, is fine mountain scenery, of the second class; enjoyed at the expense of ascending an abundance of steep hills, in consequence of the bad line of road usually adopted. At Thomlevolden is a very fair inn, kept by a respectable, cleanly Widow; with whom I left the heavier portion of my baggage, it being very certain that the

carriages at least must return to this point, in order to cross over the hills to the shores of the Mjösen; while it was very doubtful whether we should not all be compelled to turn back, without accomplishing the passage of the Fille Fjeld, at this early season.

I tried the adjoining river for an hour or two after breakfast; but though the water was clear, it was as cold as ice, and I saw only one or two very small trout rise. I afterwards on my journey observed a succession of Rapids, two or three miles above Thomlevolden, which looked extremely favourable to the troll: and I was assured there are large trout there, later in the season.

The upper part of this Valley presents many scenes of wild beauty: but at Brufladt we left it, and crossed a chain of mountains into the Valley of the Beina. The ascent was the longest and steepest, I had hitherto encountered in Norway: I almost despaired that the ponies would drag even our light vehicles up

to the top, with all the assistance that our own shoulders could give them.

When at last we did reach the summit, we were rewarded with a very magnificent panorama, extending over the deep Vale of the Beina and its Lakes, up to the Alpine ranges, bordering on the Fille Fjeld, covered with deep snow. While greatly admiring this view of the outskirt of the loftiest mountain district in Norway, I could not help feeling considerably alarmed as to the feasibility of traversing it: it seemed still clothed in all the rigours of winter.

I slept at Reien, where I remained two nights, according to my invariable rule of not travelling on the Sabbath. I could scarcely have chosen a more uncomfortable resting-place. I had long been accustomed, if not reconciled, to extreme poverty of food: but the dirt of every thing, and the intrusive curiosity of every body around me, were quite insufferable. The inhabitants of this County

of Valders, in the centre of which Reien is situated, are the most uncouth in their manners, dress, appearance, and language, and withal the filthiest, I have met with in Norway: there may be still worse specimens of humanity in this country, but they have not greeted my eye.

I must not, however, conceal that the district these filthy creatures inhabit, is one of the most picturesque even in this land of the mountain and the flood. The lower part of the Valley is well cultivated, and abounds with good sized Gaards: but as it approaches the range of the Fille Fjeld, it assumes an air of wild majesty very superior to any thing seen on the Southern approach to the Dovre Fjeld. In fact, instead of one continuous Valley, the road from Reien to Skougstad traverses a succession of deep and romantic Glens, enclosed by lofty rocks; any one of which forms quite a splendid picture.

The Valley of Oiloe struck me as inexpressi-

bly grand: but a short way beyond, a scene of still greater grandeur and wildness succeeds. The bottom of this secluded Vale is nearly occupied by a dark, still Lake, along whose margin the road is in general carried. Sometimes, however, it scales the steep, broad sides of projecting rocks, on whose hard, smooth surface it has marked but a slight track; while it is totally unprotected by any barrier from the precipices that sink sheer into the black waters beneath. Towering far above the crags and chasms that immediately environ this Lesser Mjösen (as the Lake is named) are seen, high overhead, naked cliffs of the boldest outline, frowning down upon the savage scene, which in some degree reminded me of Wastwater, infinitely magnified, and extended, and beautified. At the upper end of the Lake stands the church of Öye; close by which, an ample torrent from a mountain glen bounds exultingly over a series of rocky ledges, into its tranquil bosom.

I felt I was already repaid for the trouble of my journey by such spectacles of Nature's sterner beauties; even if after all I should be compelled by the state of the road to retrace my steps. We soon after reached Skougstad, a miserable Station-house, at the foot of the real ascent of the Fille Fjeld: from which point horses must be taken to Hæg, on the Western side of the Pass: there being no intermediate place where they can be procured, as it is all wild mountain, unfit for the habitation of man, or beast.

This stage is paid for as five and a half Norwegian miles, or about forty English: the actual distance I should suppose to be two thirds of that charged; but it is so laborious, as well as long, that the extra payment is amply deserved. When I saw the half starved ponies that were offered to drag us over this severe stage, my previous apprehensions of its practicability were reduced almost to certainty. Nevertheless, so far were their masters from sharing

our fears, that they eventually offered to take us with the same horses, all the way to Leirdalsören, more than twice the distance; and which we accepted, and safely accomplished, by allowing them plenty of time, and assisting them up all the hills, and down most of them.

The ascent commences immediately from Skougstad, and continues, with few interruptions, to Nystuen. But though long, and occasionally stiff, it nowhere was so steep as I had been led to expect. We very soon reached the regions of winter: not only were the heights above us and around us universally cased in snow; but it even still lay on the road, for considerable distances. This required some care on the part of the drivers, and occasioned the poor animals much toil, but there was nothing that could be considered in the least dangerous. The scenery on this Eastern side of the Fille Fjeld is greatly inferior to that of the Western descent in grandeur and sublimity.

In less than three hours we easily reached Nystuen, where I purposed sleeping: it is a mountain quarter, built and maintained upon the same plan as Jerkin, with which it lies very nearly on the same level, 4500 feet above the sea. It has, however, a much more dreary and desolate look, as instead of the green pastures and scattered pines that are seen on the Dovre Fjeld, snow still, on the 20th June, covered nearly the whole surface, except where the bare rock protruded through its icy mantle.

I was forcibly reminded of the Spital on the Grimsel, in Switzerland: and to complete the resemblance, the hollow, in which Nystuen is built, contains a small Lake, abounding, I was assured, with excellent trout: at this season a small portion of it only was clear, close by the Inn, the rest being filled with half melted ice. If such be its aspect at Midsummer, what a dreary spot for a residence during the whole twelvemonth! Yet another fortnight of such lovely weather as we were then enjoying, will

doubtless much change the scene, and deck it with a little verdure for six or seven weeks, which is the utmost period that these mountaineers can be said to possess any summer. Most fortunately for us, the weather was not only fine, but perfectly calm: had there been wind, it would have been insupportably cold.

I heard very tempting accounts of the numbers of Reindeer, Bears, and Ptarmigan, in the surrounding mountains; and have no doubt that, a little later in the season, Nystuen is one of the best Stations in Norway for the sportsman, ambitious of slaying such game. I know of no other situation where so good quarters can be obtained, so near to the Reindeer's feeding ground: a mountain pony can be taken up to the very point where a shot at these rare animals may be expected. Wild as is the position of Nystuen, the people who keep it (of the name of Knudsen) are not only civil and obliging, but more intelligent than usual as to a traveller's requirements.

When we started at six o'clock the next morning, thin veils of mist partially concealed the higher ranges: but in less than an hour, the powerful sun had entirely obliterated all trace of vapours, and we reached the highest point of the passage, four or five miles beyond Nystuen, in the most heavenly weather imaginable. And a glorious spectacle broke upon our view! This part of the road is not confined within narrow walls of rock, but traverses an open, undulating tract of great elevation, where a few stunted willows and dwarf birch were seen struggling from beneath the patches of snow, and every hollow was gorged with torrents hurrying away the rapidly melting waters.

But if the immediate scenery was comparatively tame, we commanded an amphitheatre of the loftiest mountains in Northern Europe. Among these snow-clad masses, the singularly broken and pointed crags of the Hurungarne Fjelder were very conspicuous, far away to

the right; towering above a crowd of nameless Alps belonging to the Jotun and Fille Fjeld ranges. The highest point of the Hurungarne is now ascertained to exceed Sneehættan by a few feet, and therefore to be the loftiest ground in the North: I could not obtain its exact height from any competent authority, but I know that it is very little under 8000 feet.

We passed close to the isolated peak of the Suul Tind, a picturesque mountain, notorious for being the favourite resort of Reindeer and Bears; of which we had ocular demonstration, seeing in the snow by the roadside the tracks of two of the latter (probably a mother and her cub) which had crossed the road only the day before: and a little further we observed rather older tracks of three Reindeer, coming from the same direction.

Subsequently in the course of the day, we met two chasseurs, on their way to this shooting ground, to whom we communicated our intelligence. They were primitively equipped,

with a wallet, made of undressed reindeer skin, at their backs, a pair of Skidors, six feet long, for running over the frozen snow, in their hands, and a curious piece of artillery, consisting of an enormous rusty barrel attached to a little fir *handle* (for it would be absurd to call it a *stock*) slung behind: the huge lock baffles description. They had, however, killed a Bear and two Reindeer, during the preceding week; though they allowed the Deer were as yet too poor to be worth killing for their flesh.

There was by no means so much snow on this side, as on the Eastern; and the descent to Mariestuen, though long and rapid, was not difficult or dangerous, with our light carrioles and active ponies. Mariestuen is a poor cabin in a deep, romantic glen at the foot of the highest range of the Fille Fjeld. After resting here an hour or two, we pursued our way down a fine mountain gorge, to Hæg, where we again baited our horses. The whole of the road was distinguished by much pic-

turesque grandeur; but it was so greatly exceeded by the next stage from Hæg to Lysne, that its impressions, however vivid at the time, were comparatively effaced by the superior effect of what we subsequently saw.

These last twenty miles present scenery the most worthy of the fame of Norway, of any I had hitherto met with. They pass through a tortuous valley, generally so narrow and deep, that it may be considered a gigantic fissure in these enormous mountain masses. The wild cliffs, that immediately enclose it, are universally steep and broken, frequently quite perpendicular; and vary from 1000 to 3000 feet in height. Over their precipitous sides, a thousand streams, fed at this season by the melting glaciers, cast themselves headlong, and are dissipated into vapour, ere they reach the bottom. At other points the rocky wall has been violently rent asunder, and there still larger floods, half cataract, half cascade, rush down the ravines on either hand, to swell

the main torrent, whose course the road follows.

The character of this mountain river very clearly shows that we are, on the whole, decending with great rapidity: at the same time, such is the difficult nature of the ground, that the road must often climb the steep sides of bare rocks, as well as descend many a rugged slope, at a fearful angle, with no protection whatever between the narrow track, and the swollen flood that roars, and foams, and rushes with resistless might down its rocky bed, far, far beneath. Sometimes the torrent is crossed by picturesque wooden bridges, of most perilous architecture, that come well into the landscape: and at each turn of the winding glen, are seen the snow-capped summits of numerous mountains, that from the blue vault of heaven look down upon the horrors of this wild defile. The height of many of them is little short of 5000 feet.

It would be impossible to particularize every

spot where these elements of grandeur and sublimity are developed; but I must not omit all mention of the famous pass of Vindhallen, incomparably the most precipitous descent I have ever accomplished in a carriage. The road here winds down the face of a nearly perpendicular chasm, which would seem to bid defiance to the most adventurous engineer's skill: and certainly on coming to the verge of it I almost doubted the wisdom of attempting the risk. We had no dragchain; and the ponies being unprovided with backstraps, could only hold the carriage back from the collar. The men, however, being well acquainted with the spot, at once proceeded to lock the wheels in a novel, but very effectual mode, by inserting stout birch poles between the spokes, so as totally to prevent their turning round. And then, by applying our united strength to each carriole in turn, and holding it back, we arrived at the bottom in perfect safety, and with no further damage than the fracture of a few

straps, in consequence of the usual badness of Norwegian leather. Our good little animals seconded us with might and main; but from the insufficiency of their harness, so ill adapted to a mountainous country, laboured under great disadvantage.

Not to weary the reader longer with my imperfect description of this magnificent mountain pass (which I esteem the finest of its class in Europe, superior even to the Via Mala) we at length descended into a broad level Vale, strewed with a thick bed of finely comminuted gravel, derived from the wasting of the Gneiss, and Slate rocks. The beautiful verdure of this plain, thickly studded as it is with Gaards, was at first quite startling after having been so long immured among bare rocks, and dazzling snow, untenanted by man. This rich Vale debouches upon an arm of the great Sogne Fjord, at Leirdalsören, a small village consisting of Fishermen's Cabins, singularly huddled together, with two or three better houses:

of these the Skydskaffer's is one of the best: and its accommodations were in all respects commendable.

The heat in the confined valley we had traversed during so many hours, had been intolerable; and our labour at the innumerable ascents and descents, excessive. Moreover, for the last three days I had tasted nothing better than Smörre Bröd (barley cakes, and butter) and potatoes; I was therefore not sorry to demolish a nicely dressed Ptarmigan, without stopping to consider the enormity of shooting them at this season. Immediately after which operation I adjourned to bed, where I slept through all sorts of noises, until far into the following morning.

There happened to be a horse fair at Leirdal, which had collected 400 or 500 of the ponies of this mountainous district, and at least as many purchasers or sellers. Both bipeds and quadrupeds afforded me much amusement: it was difficult to say which were the wildest in their

appearance, or the most shaggy in their hair. However, while the men were remarkably tall and strong, their ponies were the most diminutive and high-boned of their race: I had at any rate had a good opportunity of estimating their powers of endurance, in crossing the Fille Fjeld; and knew how to appreciate their bottom. It would have greatly amused a Yorkshire Jockey to see these huge fellows riding their deer-like animals *to sell,* with bare backs, and string bridles: the prices seemed to range from 3*l.* to 6*l.*

In the afternoon, I walked a couple of miles up the river, for the purpose of trying one or two likely spots for a Salmon; although I was aware that very few had yet appeared in the River. I was quite unsuccessful; but I saw enough to convince me there never can be good Angling here, as the bed is too shallow, and the stream too rapid, for Salmon to remain long in any of the lower pools.

It was an object of great importance to me

to obtain every information I could as to the practicability of effecting my way from the head of the Fjord, over the mountains to Lom. The carriages, I knew, must return all the way back to Thomlevolden: but I wished, if possible, to avoid this long circuit for myself, as well as to have the opportunity which this elevated pass would afford me, of becoming better acquainted with the recesses of the Norwegian Alps.

I met with every disposition to give me any information in their power: but, alas! there was no one who had travelled half so much through his own country, as I had; and their conjectures as to whether I could, or could not pass, were most puzzlingly contrarious. I was consequently obliged to trust to the slight information I had picked up at Christiania, and to a determination not to be beaten back by a trifling obstacle.

There are plenty of good boats and boatmen to be hired at Leirdalsören, it being the point

of embarkation on the high road to Bergen. I easily secured through the Post-master, a light built, roomy boat, with three rowers, to take me to Skjolden at the extreme head of the Sogne Fjord, a distance of thirty-five English miles. Each man pulls a pair of very light oars; and in ordinary weather they usually accomplish a Norwegian mile, or seven English, in a couple of hours. A young woman begged a passage to some place on the Fjord; to which the men readily consented, but made her pull an oar the whole way, as a matter of course.

Having then seen Peder start with the carriages on his return over the Fille Fjeld, with orders to rejoin me in Gulbrandsdalen, in case I should be able to accomplish the passage across the Sogne Fjeld, I embarked alone on what I could not but consider an adventurous expedition. It was the height of midsummer; the weather exquisitely beautiful; and the scenery calculated in the highest degree to

interest by its novelty, and to charm by its grandeur.

I have before attempted to give a general idea of these Fjords of the Western coast, which stamp so very distinctive a character on the scenery of Norway. The Sogne Fjord is one of the longest of these mysterious arms that wind deep into the land from their parent sea, substituting their still, blue waters for the verdant plain that would in other countries occupy these mountain Vallies: and though not considered equal in sublimity to Hardanger Fjord, its features are highly impressive and picturesque.

The comparatively narrow arm on which Leirdalsören is built soon swelled out into a spacious basin, which again branched into lesser Fjords. Enormous masses of Gneiss swept down to the water's edge, with a steepness that scarcely allowed the hardy Scotch fir to fix its roots in their crevices: the Spruce, for some inexplicable reason, does not grow

in this district. High above these gigantic rocks, numerous isolated mountains rose to a height of between 5000 and 6000 feet; and in this latitude were mantled with brilliant snow far down their steep flanks.

The impassable character of the rocky precipices, that occupy the shores, no less than the niggard scantiness of the soil, would seem to secure such wild solitudes for Nature's own. Yet even here, man, "audax omnia perpeti," has established a precarious footing. His lowly cabin is seen nestled beneath an overhanging crag; a rood or two of verdure, that mark his barley and potatoe crop, show that he does not entirely trust to the neighbouring Fjord for his subsistence. But how lonely is his situation! without a fellow being within miles, and without the power of advancing a few hundred yards from his dwelling, except in a boat! And how diminutive, how unutterably insignificant, seems every monument of his labours amid the stupendous glories of

creation by which he is encompassed! Towards the upper end of the Fjord, the mountains that hem it in, become still loftier, and more savage. They are further characterised by an incalculable number of cascades, that from their abundance and height, no less than from their peculiar forms, constitute a novel feature in the landscape. Most of them form a series of alternate falls and cataracts from the very summit of the dark cliffs, many of which cannot be less than 2000 or 3000 feet high. They are of all magnitudes, from the size of a considerable river, down to that of a mere rill which serpentines in threads of silver over the ebon walls of the Slate rock. In no fortnight of my life, have I seen so many or so fine cascades, as on this single day.

The most considerable, and most celebrated Fall is that at Feigum, where I landed, for the purpose of seeing it to advantage. At this point, a very large stream shoots over an open wall of rock, in one sheer fall, which has been

ascertained by Professor Naumann to be 657 feet: so immense is the scale of the surrounding panorama that I should not have estimated it at more than 400 feet.

A very respectable old Bönder lives here, whom I was desirous to see; but unfortunately he was from home. He is a distinguished member of the sect of Hougianers, so named from one Nillson, of Houga, in Smaalehnenes Amt, who about the close of the last century, collected a few followers that, like himself, required a more spiritual worship, than the ministrations of their church afforded. They profess still to adhere to the established Lutheran Religion; but have readers and prayer meetings at their own houses. They seem to be a scattered, and not an increasing body; in many respects resembling our own Methodists, only that, unlike them, they are said to ascribe to works an undue superiority over faith.

Without alluding to the causes deeply seated in human nature, which induce dissent to any

Religion whatever, or to the peculiar causes that may affect the Lutheran Faith in particular, it is by no means wonderful that in a country where the Parishes are so inordinately large, and the communications so impracticable, piously disposed minds should seek to supply, as best they may, the necessarily unfrequent services of their own Ministers.

About eight or ten miles further we reached Skjolden, where I was surprised to find a tolerably sized village, having the look of a miniature sea-port, though at a distance of considerably more than 100 miles from the open sea. It is situated at the confluence of two streams, that at this season are swollen to overflowing, from the numerous glaciers, which I could see thickly covered all the neighbouring heights. Salmon frequent them both: but their turbid appearance put all idea of Angling out of the question.

I was much more interested as to the practicability of my intended route over the moun-

tains, respecting which the aspect of the country gave me apprehensions that the intelligence I could obtain at Skjolden was by no means calculated to allay. At any rate I ascertained that I must proceed four miles further, to the village of Fortun, as being the only place where horses and guides to cross the mountains could be obtained. Thither accordingly I rode, through a valley of the wildest description, where the rocks were even more precipitous, and the cascades even more numerous, than what I had seen in the early part of the day.

I soon collected round me a crowd of wondering natives, who assured me that before "St. Hans dag" (St. John's day, a great epoch always in Norway) it was barely possible for horses to cross; that indeed two horses had arrived a few days previously, from the other side, but without any load; and the snow was reported to be so deep, and over so great an extent, that no one liked to encounter the

journey. For a long time in vain I used all my rhetoric: and I was on the point of riding a couple of miles up the glen to a professed Wegviser, or Guide of the mountain, when two men came forward and offered to do their best to accomplish my objects, though they at the same time expressed their fears that we should be obliged to turn back. I was so pleased with their appearance, that I at once accepted their offer, without either party making any stipulation as to remuneration.

It will be seen by the map, that there is another path from the Sogne Fjord, into Guldbransdal, through the valley of Justedal, which is noted for containing the finest specimens of the true Glacier, existing in Norway. However, as I knew that they were immeasurably inferior to those of Switzerland, and besides that the road was much longer and more difficult, I preferred to attempt that over the Sogne Fjeld, from Fortun to Lom, which I was aware passed close to the Jotun Fjeld,

(or Giant Mountains) already mentioned as being the highest in Scandinavia.

The distance from Skjolden to Lom is reckoned eight Norwegian, or about fifty-six English miles: of which thirty-five are between the last Gaard and the first Sætter, while upwards of twenty extend over the true Snow Fjeld. After my guides had made the necessary preparations, we set out about eleven o'clock at night, which was considered the best hour in order that we might traverse as much as possible of the snow during the early morning hours, when it is of course the hardest. I had a horse to ride, besides one for my baggage; but such were the difficulties of the road that I could make very little use of it.

Immediately on quitting Fortun, we scaled a nearly perpendicular wall of Slate rock; and next entered a steep, narrow glen, down which a snow-fed torrent roared in an uninterrupted succession of fine wild cascades. At the top of

this gorge, about seven miles from Fortun, we stopped for an hour at some Sætters, not yet occupied, to rest our steeds before assailing the real Fjeld.

It was midnight; but not such midnight as is known in Southern climes. Close before us, divided but by a narrow chasm, stood the naked peaks of the Hurungarne, Skagstoletinde, and other members of the Jotun Fjeld, which is not only the highest, but by far the most picturesque mountain range I have seen in Norway. Its broken summits rise in many a fantastic shape from an extensive field of frozen snow, round which they are happily grouped: the views over them during our ascent were splendid in the extreme; and never were they enjoyed in more magnificent weather.

We rested till the sun's earliest rays had shed a rosy blush upon the loftiest pinnacles of the "Giant Mountains," when with good hearts we resumed our upward march. The ascent from this point was long, and occasionally stiff;

but never in the least perilous. Soon, however, we reached the snow, at first in patches, then in continuous fields of undulating hill and valley: for the most part its surface was hard enough to bear us, though occasionally the poor beasts sank floundering up to their bellies. For at least a dozen miles we traversed this frozen plain, embosomed in mountains belonging to the Sogne and Lange Fjelder, which seemed to rise some 2000 feet above our path. These heights were, without exception, covered from their summits with a deep mass of dazzling snow, that frequently terminated in Glaciers of second rate Swiss character: many of them, I doubt not, I had seen from Rundene.

Ever and anon, an island of rock, protruding from out the wintry expanse, afforded a scanty and coarse herbage to our famished animals, for whom, to my surprise, their masters had brought no provender whatever. On one of these insulated spots we rested for an hour or two: and wet and unprotected as we were,

with a bitter cold wind sweeping over the Pass, and freezing our very garments upon us, we could not resist the temptation to snatch a broken slumber on the hard cold rock.

It had a singular effect, in the midst of this frost-bound solitude, to come suddenly upon a party from Guldbrandsdal, who like ourselves had been travelling the whole night: they seemed dreadfully fatigued, as we perhaps appeared to them. The only other living object we saw, except a few Ptarmigan, was that singular little animal, the Lemming. It is of a reddish-brown colour, softening into white on the belly, and prettily marked with black on the back: it belongs to the Rat tribe, but in appearance resembles much more a small Guinea pig. I had first seen them on the Fille Fjeld in considerable numbers; but here they were in myriads, squeaking shrilly as we passed, and scampering into their holes as fast as their short legs would allow them.

The sun had now acquired such power that

the snow became very soft, occasioning great labour to ourselves and horses. Moreover, it seemed much worse on the Northern than on the Southern side: so much so, that we were two or three times almost compelled to turn back. The men displayed excellent courage, perseverance, and good humour, three most essential qualities on an expedition like this: and they were eventually rewarded by successfully surmounting all our difficulties.

During the latter part of our passage, I had suffered more from the dazzling reflection of the snow in my eyes, than from fatigue: and oh! how refreshing, how delicious appeared the scanty verdure in the first valley we reached, after more than twelve hours spent upon the Glacier! We found here a Sætter, at which the folk had recently arrived, and with true mountain hospitality, offered us, all they had to give, milk, butter, and fire: whereof I instantly availed myself to boil in my kettle a decoction of tea, the first refresh-

ment, not absolutely frozen, that had passed my lips since leaving Skjolden.

Our perils were now over; but we had still a long descent before coming to the permanent habitations of man. The valley we traversed is called the Bæverdal; and it is said that formerly this wild and remote glen contained some of the European species of Beaver, now nearly extinct, or only to be found in furthest Lapland. Much of the scenery was fine, much of it beautiful, even in the eyes of tired, sleepy travellers; though considerably tamer than on the southern side of the chain.

On arriving at the first Gaards of Qvamsvolden, the sight of Farm houses and corn fields, seemed wondrous strange in our eyes, so long unaccustomed to any sign of man, or man's works. There were still, however, eight or nine long miles to the nearest place where I could lodge, at Hoff: and as I found that the half starved horses would require at least two hours' rest, I preferred walking down

there at once, to the infinite astonishment of my toilworn companions. The gratification of having achieved a difficult and (at this season) a doubtful exploit, and of having seen so thoroughly the very interior of the loftiest mountain chain in Northern Europe, gave me spirits and vigour: but I could not help feeling much self-satisfaction that at the end of perhaps the most laborious twenty-four hours I ever passed, without any thing that had deserved the name of either food, or rest, I was yet able voluntarily to walk the last stage to my night quarters.

I obtained some very grand views of snow mountains on the way; and the river, whose banks I followed, rolled through several contracted chasms of great depth and beauty. I had also time to see that Hoff, which I reached about midnight, was picturesquely situated, in a fine vale, at the junction of two streams: but I confess that the sight which pleased me most, was a large lumber room,

with a diminutive bed in one corner, wherein I jumped, nothing loth; after giving the strictest injunctions in the best Norsk I could muster, that no one should presume, on any account whatever, to disturb me until I called: an injunction, which, considering their inordinate curiosity, they obeyed surprisingly well.

No sooner, however, the next morning, had I given symptoms of having waked from my long and glorious slumbers, than my apartment was invaded by a numerous levee of both sexes, who watched me through all the processes of shaving, washing, &c., until some necessary arcana of the toilette fairly compelled me to turn them out, against their will. A newly arrived Chimpanzee could not have excited greater interest among London fashionables. Every thing I produced was examined, and the commonest articles admired, and wondered at, as they passed from hand to hand. I could not find it in my heart to deprive

them of what was evidently so great and rare a gratification; as I clearly saw that their intrusion, however annoying to me, was perfectly innocent on their part, proceeding entirely from ignorance, not from impertinence.

When sufficiently rested, in the afternoon I rode quietly down to Lom, a distance of seven or eight miles, through a broad valley of pleasing, but not striking features. I had a letter to the Priest, (Heyerdal,) whom I found to be a man of superior intelligence and attainments. I need not add, that both he and his amiable Lady evinced the hospitality for which "Old Norway" is so justly celebrated: and it being the Eve of Saint John, a party of young folk were assembled to light bonfires, and observe other time-honoured ceremonies, interesting for a stranger to witness.

The next morning, I took a boat down the Lake Otte Vand, on which Lom is situated, to Vaage at its Eastern termination. The little village of Lom is picturesquely built at

the foot of a conical mountain, called the "Egg of Lom," close to the embouchure of the Bæverdal, which here discharges its turbid waters, over a pretty Foss, into the Lake: to the right, the Lake branches up to Skiaker, where it is closed in by a circle of fine mountains. This prospect, as seen about a mile from shore, pleased me greatly: the rest of the voyage presented nothing very remarkable. The Otte Vand is so entirely fed by torrents from the glaciers, that it is always dirty and unfit for Angling: I tried it a short while, but scarcely saw a fish rise.

Priest Kragh, of Vaage, was an old acquaintance of mine, to whom I had promised on my previous visit to Norway, that I would, if possible, pass a few days with him, in case I returned to these parts. I was therefore not sorry to have this excellent opportunity of witnessing the familiar mode of life of this important class, while resting from my late fatigues.

The Priests necessarily exercise great influence in this country, even independently of their ministerial authority, which seems much higher estimated, than is usual in other Protestant countries. They are universally far better educated than those by whom they are surrounded; and are well off, if not positively rich, according to the Norwegian scale of incomes. I have already alluded to the circumstance of their being eligible to a seat in Parliament; and in their own respective districts they are of necessity at the head of all the local charitable, or statistical, or legal establishments, in which their superior intelligence gives them unlimited influence. All those with whom I became intimately acquainted, were well educated, and well conducted. The great peril of their position is lest they should sink down too much to the standard of those with whom alone they have any opportunity of intercourse.

It is a sad deprivation, and a perilous trial

to a man of cultivated intellect, never from year to year to meet with one kindred soul, with whom he can exchange and correct his ideas: and in the country, the impossibility of obtaining books deprives the Priest even of that resource of the educated man. The annual Visitation certainly affords them a brief occasion of mixing with their clerical brethren; and it may be thought that the education of their children, which, in the absence of fit schools, unavoidably devolves on them, should serve in some degree to keep up a doubtful connexion with literary pursuits.

While at Vaage, I was greatly distressed at the number of wretched objects, who daily came for a relief, the Priest could not possibly extend to half the applicants. The last four harvests had so lamentably failed in consequence of early frosts, throughout the mountainous districts, that Kragh assured me upwards of 2000 out of a population of 5000 in his parish, were in a state of utter

destitution; and some of the neighbouring parishes were in a still worse condition.

In every Præstegild, there is an establishment, called the "Fattige-væsen," or Poor Board, formed of the Priest and his Churchwardens, to which each of the Farmers is obliged to contribute a certain proportion of corn; besides some fees at marriages, &c. But, however sufficient it may be in ordinary seasons, this establishment was totally inadequate to meet the distress that prevailed this year. The Storthing had in addition voted considerable sums for the purpose; but still, not merely whole families, but whole districts were suffering from positive famine.

Upon leaving my very kind, and entertaining host, he easily persuaded me, instead of taking the direct road from Vaage to Laurgaard, to ride over the mountains to Tofte, for the purpose of visiting a romantic Glen, called Gjendal, or Echo Valley. The whole family accompanied us, so that we formed an im-

posing cavalcade: the weather was delightful, and the mountain views of great extent and interest.

After traversing some high ground, we came to the edge of the "Echoing Dale," which I found to be a long and deep chasm evidently effected by some violent convulsion transversely athwart the mountain chain that forms the Western barrier of Guldbransdal. To enjoy the wild scene, we climbed upon a projecting pinnacle of shattered slate rock, which could not be less than 1500 feet above the bottom of the dell. Other cliffs rose still higher; but all bore evidence, in their sharply fractured crags, and in the vast masses tossed in most admirable disorder down their precipitous flanks, of the enormous force with which they had been rent asunder.

The dark depth of this narrow chasm is entirely occupied by a chain of miniature lakes; the water of which flows off continually *at both ends*, in a way common to the *trans-*

verse vallies of Norway. After long gazing down upon the horrors of this romantic spot, we descended to admire it from below, by a path so steep, that one of our party, a hale young fellow, could not be persuaded to attempt it. To please my companions, I fished in the lowest and worst lake, for an hour; and although there was no wind, soon caught a dozen of the beautiful trout that abound here. After which, we bivouacked on its banks most delightfully, sang Norsk songs, interchanged the warmest greetings and good wishes, and finally drank a long, and I fear a last, Farewell.

A couple of hours' ride through a pretty vale brought me into Guldbransdal, at a point three or four miles below Tofte; to which place I proceeded, and was happy to find that my servant had previously arrived with the carriages in perfect safety. The next morning, I took the route already described, over the Dovre Fjeld to Trondhjem, stopping a day or

two at Jerkin, to fish the neighbouring lakes. But if this mountain pass, high as measurement and vegetation assure us it to be, had before appeared to me tame, how insignificant did it seem to my eye lately accustomed to the perils and magnificence of the Fille Fjeld, and the Sogne Fjeld!

END OF VOL. I.

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